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ALETHEA

GEORGE MICHAEL MYERS

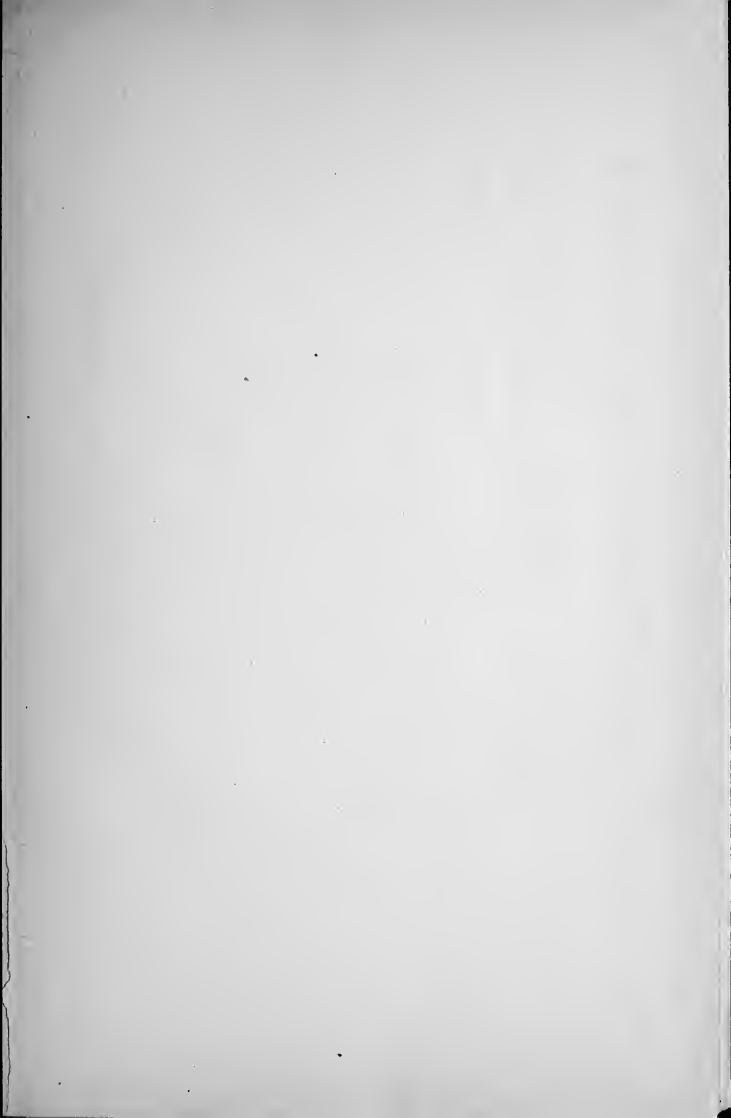


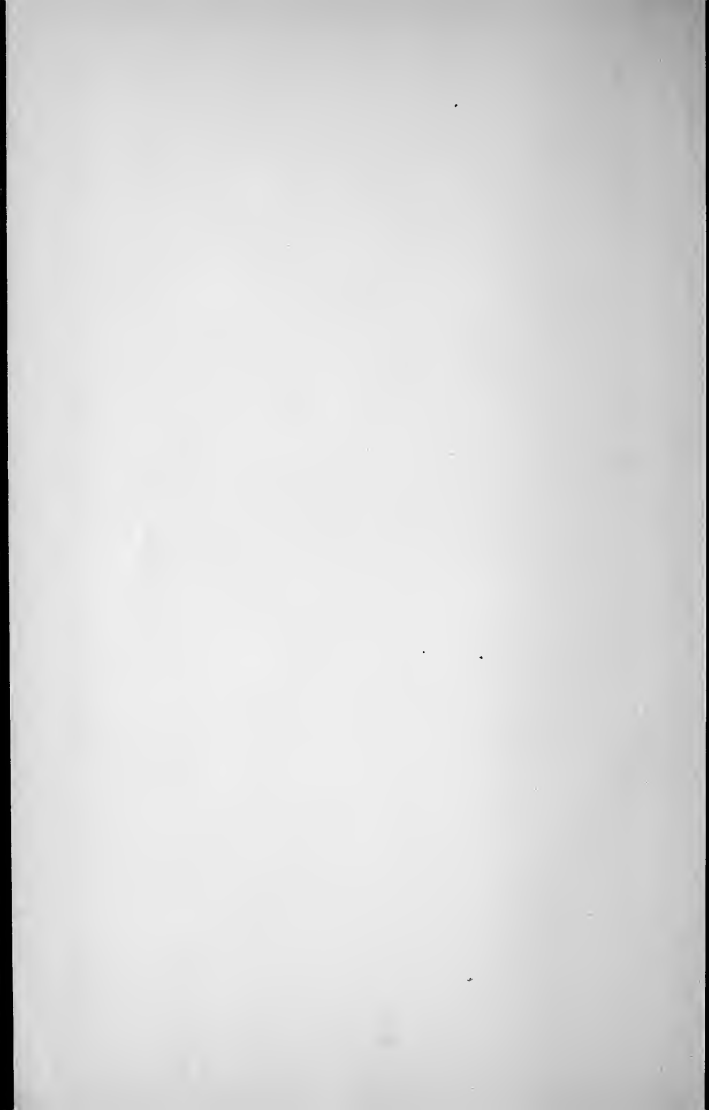
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ALETHEA

The Story of an Early Day

BY

GEORGE MICHAEL MYERS

Author of "The Dwelling Place of God"



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

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TO MY WIFE AND DAUGHTERS



PREFACE

Now that my story has been completed, I deliver it to the world—critics along with the rest; but I have not entertained the hope of being able to offer a faultless production. If I were able and should do so, I fear an infallible story would hardly be appreciated by a fallible world. I have aimed particularly at clearness and interest, with the hope of adding a bit of inspiration to the populace who have proved, through the ages, to be the true custodians of moral rectitude and international beneficence. So here is the story, errors and all. If it fulfills its purpose and is received, I shall be satisfied; if it does not and is rejected, I will not complain.



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ALETHEA



Alethea

CANTO I

INTRODUCTION

FRIENDS, if you have desire to hear
Of pathos mingling with cheer,
Come listen to this humble lay,
A story of an early day.
While our own country yet was new,
While its inhabitants were few,
Ere Europe poured her mingled horde
Upon our own Atlantic board,
Except the few who first had come
To make America their home,
To build a nation great and strong,
A refuge from the monarchs' wrong—
A story of that early day,
I bring to you in simple lay.

Heaven, keep guard upon my hand,
And let it be at Thy command;
That it may not a sentence write
Save what will bring Thee great delight.
Let not Clotho, the spinning Fate,
Nor soul refused at Heaven's gate,
(Who ill, perchance, might—standing near
To catch a single note of cheer—

Wish to some melody inspire,
Displaying its demoniac ire)
Some baneful idyl here relate.
Let earth and heaven each give ear;
Let angels, bending, list to hear;
And where a note would discord bring,
Let angels tune their harps and sing;
And let my harp in silence be,
Until the note is clear to me;
Then let my harp take up the strain,
And play for earth the glad refrain.
Heaven, keep guard upon my hand,
And let it be at Thy command.

THE EMIGRANT

NIGH fourscore years had passed away
Since William Penn had, from the Crown,
Obtained his charter. Then, the fay
Of honest souls had won renown
Because of what they had endured,
To seek what to them was assured
Within the precious written Word,
From whence their inmost life was stirred.

Their faith no danger recognized,
But from high-churchmen they withdrew;
No lack their courage realized
Supporting their religious view:
The hangman's rope could not dismay,
Nor did they falter to obey
The voice of Conscience—all the while
They courted its approving smile.

Forth from the Emerald Isle there came
A noble youth to our free land;
Upon him rested all the shame
(Supported by the king's command)
Of those who bravely cast aside
The Church of England's haughty pride,
And sought a simple faith to ken,—
The faith as taught by William Penn.

The stormy deep he gladly braved;
Nor counted home nor friendship lost;
For liberty of soul he craved,
And counted naught what ere it cost:
Thus to our country Patrick came;
(For Patrick Heman was his name)
A nobleman of *Spirit birth,—
A trusty citizen of earth.

"Is this the land?" the young man cried,
Just as he stepped upon our shore,
"America! my home! my pride!
Thanks for admission through thy door!"
Then with his hand uplifted high,
His eyes uplifted toward the sky,
He said, "Father, the praise is Thine;
For thou hast made this New World mine."

"Where will you dwell?" a voice inquired,
"In North or South, or in the West?
To me, the North is more desired; -
For its advantages are best:
Our mountains have a wealth of ore,
Our forests have their goodly store,
Our looms are busy day and night;
Our fisheries, a great delight.

*John iii. 5.

"We care for only modest weal;
Abounding good alone we crave;
And Jove is making us to feel
The wrong of holding bonded slave:
And nature's hand has painted on
Each mountain, hillock, field and lawn
More pleasing scenes, with tints combined,
Than Michelangelo designed.

"Come they who will upon our shore,
If they but good demeanor show,
Our Northern folk will evermore
A princely welcome then bestow:
Pray, give my thought your kindest heed,
For godly souls the land has need;
And our New England welcomes you
As having motives good and true.

"Perhaps you should not quickly choose
Your place of dwelling; choices made
In haste mean, often, but to lose;
For seldom are they wisely made:
Come now unto my cottage, Sir,
And we will furthermore confer;
Come to my cottage by the sea
And share our hospitality."

With great amazement Patrick stood
Listening to the stranger's plea;
'Twas unexpected that he should
Find so much hospitality:
So with an air of great surprise,
He looked the speaker in the eyes;
And wondered if he could rely
Upon him, ere he made reply.

"Your name," said Patrick, "if you please,
And something of your family tree?
Have you inherited degrees
From some ancestral royalty?
And comest thou from whence to stand
A denizen upon this land?—
The namesake of Amerigo;
Allegiance to whom dost thou owe?"

"Alphonso Godfrey is my name,"
The stranger said. "If you would know
My family history, and claim
To whom I owe allegiance, O,
All of this I gladly state,
And our own history relate;
For those who would conceal the past
Have records of degraded cast.

"Dame Godfrey and myself do claim
Descent from royal Saxon blood;
A line of kings of fearless name,
Who by the Saxon throne have stood:
A parentage who sought to save
The Saxons from the Danish knave;
And build a kingdom of their own
With ruling Saxon on the throne.

"My grandsires here a refuge sought
Upon America's wild shore,
When to our coast the Mayflower brought
The sturdy Pilgrim Fathers o'er:
His family line were feudal lords,
As English history records,
Who thought the honor rare to bring
Their lineage from an English king.

“From Edward, whose distinctive name
Was ‘The Confessor’—whose renown
Was owed unto Earl Godwin’s fame,
Which won for him the English crown:
Who, to reward the famous Thane,
And further favors to obtain,
Wooed and won Editha’s heart,
Thus made her to the Crown a part.

“My honors though do not excel
The honors of Dame Godfrey. She
Is also born, as I may tell,
Of Saxon blood of high degree:
Although they wore the Saxon Crown
Her parentage sought not renown;
But rather gave themselves to prove
The object of the Saxon’s love.

“From Ethelfleda, who became
The heir unto Mercia’s throne;
Who showed her dignity and fame
By claiming royal rights her own:
The daughter of the great Alfred,
And wife of the prince, Ethelred;
The battle field records her worth
In leading loyal brigands forth.

“Edward the Elder knew her might;
Her army held his own at bay;
And Ethelfleda led the fight
That drove marauding Danes away:
Her storming parties seldom failed,
When she the fortresses assailed;
And Derby and Lestershire saw,
Her word was nothing less than law.

"And Wales was made to feel her power;
For there her greedy armies fed;
Its soil was drenched with bloody shower,
And forth its captive Queen was led:
Unbounded treasures of that land
Were sold into that woman's hand,—
As Jabin's chariots of old,
Were into hands of woman sold.

"While royal dignity descends
Upon us from our earthly sires,
It is such dignity that lends
Us nothing that the soul requires
Toward giving character and grace
Which will advance a fallen race;
For truest dignity and fame
Exist, not merely, in a name.

"Nor does true dignity consist
In having serfs bow unto thee,
With trembling recognition, lest
They violate a king's decree;
Like Haman, who in Persian court,
Thought public recognition sport,
And felt that he was under shame,
When some refused him their acclaim.

"Nor does the wearing of a robe
Of empire make one truly great;
Nor would the ruling of the globe
Exalt a soul in moral state:
And though a banqueting with kings
A sense of honor ever brings,
It may not be a true renown,
Nor will it win the soul a crown.

"Self estimation cannot build
A stately character of mind;
For when its lineaments are filled,
Unto one soul they are confined:
For exaltation of one's self,
(Like the existence of an elf)
Can only to the self be true,
And loathsome is the action too.

"And those who court some vain degree
For recognition which it gains,
Fail to attain the dignity
That, ever afterward, remains:
The public sees their vain intent—
That they are after honors bent—
And righteously their claim denies;
For its abhorrence does arise.

"Nay! true dignity cannot be found
In these; yet, bear with me until
I indicate the basic ground
Of dignity—the rocky sill
Where rests true dignity in man
Since first the flight of time began."
Continues Godfrey thus to say:
"Greatness is in humility.

"A bowing down upon one's part;
Not in a joy of being small,
But sense of smallness in the heart;
Which to the soul is but a call
To recognition of the Power
That guards the universe each hour;
And gives the soul the power to live,
And strength, to helpful service give.

"True dignity! that means to serve
Humanity—to yield our own
Best energies, and never swerve
From an ambition to dethrone
Demoralizing agencies,
And lay degrading tendencies.
To serve, not to be served, is great;
The small are those who service hate."

Quoth Patrick, "Sir, your thoughts are mine,
Our mental tendencies are one;
An unseen cord seems to entwine
About our hearts. We have begun
To know each other in a way
Somewhat peculiar; and, to-day,
I, gladly, will with thee sojourn,
Since we in common much discern."

Alphonso Godfrey led the way
Unto his cottage by the sea;
From whence they overlooked the bay
And saw the waves move restlessly:
The rugged hills were in full view;
And all, to Patrick, seemed so new;
But as the views appeared to them,
Godfrey explained each unto him.

He spoke of islets in the bay,
Which, very plainly, could be seen;
Of villages and towns that lay
Upon the hills, in distant scene:
He, also, spoke of progress, for
The colonies had grown far more
Than valiant spirits thought they could,
Within America's wild wood.

When they unto the cottage drew,
A stillness filled the summer air;
Except when gentle zephyrs blew
To chill the day from noontide glare:
Dame Godfrey saw them drawing near,
And felt a strong impulse of cheer;
She wondered if the ship at bay
Had brought some relative that day.

Then, suddenly, a flash of fear,
Lest she, perhaps, had careless been;
She moved about with haste to clear
Whate'er disorders could be seen:
Then came the daughter in to see
Who could the coming stranger be.
But, knew, ere they had gained the door,
This guest, they had not seen before.

Dame Godfrey met them at the door
And kindest demeanor showed;
No guest had ever come before
That had more welcome than he should:
The young man smiled and then denied
That he such kindness merited;
And hoped that their acquaintance might
Forever prove one of delight.

"This is our daughter," Godfrey said,—
"Corinna Godfrey is her name."
When Patrick smiled and bowed his head
In recognition of the same;
Declaring it uncommon grace
To find himself at such a place:
Corinna, blushing, replied
That she felt more than gratified.

Most pressing cares, that afternoon,
So willingly, were laid aside;
For Patrick's coming was a boon,
And him they entertained with pride:
The current news, from o'er the sea,
Attention held with rapt degree;
Patrick related unto them
What seemed important unto him.

So quickly passed the time away
That it engendered great surprise;
The coming of the close of day
Was sooner than they did surmise:
The shadows from the western hills,
Filled with the music of the rills,
Across the rolling landscape lay,
And far extended in the bay.

The evening meal was soon prepared;
(Corinna moved about so spry)
River and field and forest shared
In furnishing the rare supply:
And, while Corinna worked she sang;
Their cottage walls, with music rang;
Patrick listened; yet, talked the while,
And felt within a pleasing smile.

Outside the humble cottage door,
The summer evening was enjoyed;
The ocean breeze along the shore,
The swelter of the air destroyed:
They listened to the ocean's groan;
They heard the mighty breakers moan;
And while to these they listened long,
Corinna entertained with song.

CORINNA'S BALLAD

WE have gladness all the while;
Happy are we to-day;
For we are blessed with nature's smile,
Smiling on us each day.

When comes to us each morning dawn,
The beautiful rays of the sun,
Have said to the shadows of night, "Be gone!"
And onward the shadows have run.

Soon out of the sea the glorious orb
Arises, to greet us all;
Attention of all it seems to absorb,
The attention of great and small.

Then, verdure is covered with sparkling dew,
By invisible, heavenly showers;
For while we are sleeping, an angel comes through,
To moisten the lips of the flowers.

The ocean of atmosphere, in which we live,
Is filled with delightful perfume;
For all the wild roses and flowers ever give
Of the sweet-smelling scent of their bloom.

The humming of bees in the sweet clover fields,
Is ever a welcome song,
Admonishing us that industry yields
A profit enduring long.

Birds warble to us their magic refrain,
From dawning till set of sun;
Their music is thrilling throughout the domain
Of forest and field and run.

The game of the forest, we claim as our own;
God said: "It shall be for meat."
And there is no time that we feel alone;
For nature, we gladly greet.

The cloud-ships sail on the ocean of air,
Borne up by the ærial wave;
Until, heavy laden, they fall in despair,
Or vanish in ærial grave.

These God-given treasures of nature, we claim,
Contribute to pleasure, the while;
For when we grow sorrowful, they have the same
Enchanting, encouraging smile.

THUS Nature furnished her with themes,
Which she, with thrilling rapture, sang;
While from the hills and deep ravines,
The echo from her verses rang,
Though pleasantly the eve went on,
The young man's thoughts, homeward, had gone;
But thus the maiden's singing brought
All inward heaviness to naught.

Their evening orisons were said,
Imploring the Almighty One
To give, each day, their daily bread
And aid, all evil power, to shun:
Implored that angel guards would keep
A faithful watch, while they would sleep;
Implored that Mercy would bestow
Whatever favors they should know.

They said to each, "Good night," "Good night,"
And unto their apartments drew;
Snuffed out the tallow candle light,
And drew the heavy portiere to:
Then found they rest upon their beds,
With fluffy pillows 'neath their heads;
But sleep had fled from them amain,—
They courted slumber, but in vain.

"What think ye of our guest, to-night?"

Alphonso said in undertone.

"I think it is a great delight

To entertain a worthy one,
Such as the young man seems to be,"
Replied Dame Godfrey, "and if he
Should with no grave misfortune meet,
His life, with good, will be replete.

"For he is blest with strong physique;

Yet, not ungainly, does he seem;
Precociously, he is unique,—

Of brilliant future may he dream:
True manliness his brow records;
And, fraught with wisdom, are his words;
His countenance is open, free,—
Inviting sociability."

Thus in a humming monotone,

Their conversation lasted long;
The mumbling of their tones, alone,
The weary hours seemed to prolong:
At last Corinna's eyes grew dim,
While she was listening to them;
And soon—to her, quite unawares—
Had vanished all her daily cares.

But Patrick tossed upon his bed;
Insomnia would not depart;
His midnight orisons were said
With hands folded above his heart:
He pledged himself to God anew,
To do what He would have him do;
But slept not till gray streaks of dawn
Disclosed the daylight, coming on.

His thoughts recrossed the briny deep,
And, once again, surveyed the home;
Again returned, but not to weep,
That he had o'er the ocean come:
His new acquaintances became
More winsome than he dare to claim,
Lest wisdom, which should rule the throne,
Should fall by impulse of his own.

And strive he must to crush the thought
That he should woo Corinna's heart;
Such vain impulses came of naught
That would beneficence impart:
Thus fought he, with himself, to win
The mastery of such a sin;
For how could he so worthy be
Of a companion, such as she!

While Patrick slept a Vision came
And stood beside his sleeping form;
And, gently speaking, spoke his name,—
It whispered, to prevent alarm:
To him a message it had brought;
And thus, a conversation sought;
For it had come, from realms of light,
To guide the young man in the right.

Patrick, beholding in his dream,
Felt not that he should be alarmed;
For its demeanor did not seem
To be as one that ever harmed:
A flowing snow-white robe it wore,
Which garment trailed upon the floor;
It held his hand with tenderness;
Its wings were spread as if to bless.

In pleasing tones the angel spoke:
"Patrick, I've come to be, just now,
A guide for you." With gentle stroke
It smoothed a lock upon his brow,
And then continued: "Only fear
That you will not my word revere,
But follow it where e'er you go,
And you, will greater pleasure, know.

"Think not unhallowed the thought
That you should woo Corinna's heart;
For unto her you have been brought,
That grace, to each, each may impart:
Although unworthy you may feel,
I, unto you, this truth, reveal—
That she was born to grace your life
By being unto you a wife.

"Her graceful qualities are rare;
Her life is humble, plain and pure;
False modesty, she does not wear,
And honor does her life secure:
Rebel no longer, she is thine,
Selected by the One Divine;
Give earnest heed to what I say,
And do not fail me to obey.

"Be not afraid my words to speak;
Fear not, but win her; then depart;
The depths of this wild forest seek,
Until you reach the mountains' heart:
Before thee, I will go to guide;
Stay not thou by the ocean's side;
But take the maiden—she is thine,
And trouble not—the word is mine."

Meanwhile Corinna slept and dreamed;
Another apparition stood
Beside her bed. It clearly seemed
To be a messenger of good:
Celestial garb, it also, wore;
Delightful messages it bore,
Saying that Patrick was to be
Her rightful choice; and his, was she.

But when Corinna woke she thought
Not of her dream; for it had fled
From her. The revelation brought
By angel whispers, while abed
Could not, in anywise, be called;
Although in no way it appalled,
As did the Monarch's Dream, of old,
Until it was by Daniel told.

When Patrick woke, the morning sun,
Its golden light, was pouring on
The verdure-covered landscape. None
Had failed to waken with the dawn
Save Patrick, who had slumbered till
Corinna's voice, so charming still,
Filled the delightful morning air
With its sweet music everywhere.

Then Patrick sprang up, with afright,
His conscience smiting him, because
He had not slept during the night;
And now, had broken manners' laws:
Now would his honored host declare
That he had lodged a sluggard there!
They would not care to bid him stay,—
Was his inward soliloquy.

When forth, from his own room, he came,
They greeted him with pleasing smile;
Bade him "good morning" with the same
Demeanor they had showed the while:
Then Patrick felt at home again;
Honor, henceforth, he would maintain!
They worshipped God with fervent zeal
And then enjoyed the morning meal.

But what could mean his pleasant dream?
"Ah! it was but a dream," thought he;
"Uncouth would such procedure seem!
She would not my companion be!"
But, while he pondered thus within,
His strong impulse was her to win;
As if the messenger that came
Was prompting him to do the same.

"Oh! from my brain hath reason fled?"
Thought he while wrestling to gain
The mastery of thoughts that said:—
"From wooing, you must not refrain."
What would the honored parents say
When one unknown, but for a day,
Should ask them for their joy and pride,
That she should be his graceful bride?

"I will not be so indiscreet!"

Quoth Patrick as he pondered o'er
The message. This he did repeat

With emphasis, more than before;
For now he strolled along the beach
Imploring aid, that he would reach
The right conclusion,—thus he talked
While he for recreation walked.

That night, the messenger again

Stood by his side. "Patrick," it said,
"Why should you thus my word disdain,
And by some vain impulse be led?"

The vision was repeated thrice;
Each time, it brought the same advice;
When Patrick woke he said, "This word,
Most certainly, is of the Lord."

Scarce had the summer morning passed

Till Patrick vowed he would obey
The admonition; and, at last,

He gathered courage to convey
The revelation to his host;—

He would obey at any cost!

And if the host failed to concede,
The youth would press the claim indeed.

"Give ear," said Patrick, "to my voice;

And, pray, think not me crude if I
Bespeak to thee my heartfelt choice,

Nor do thou this, my choice, deny."

Then he faltered, bowed his head

As if there could no more be said.

His breath, it seemed, was almost gone,

And Godfrey said, "Young man, say on."

“On yesternight an angel came,
It unto me a message brought;
Most pleasing to me was the same,
Although extravagant the thought
Which, unto me, the angel bore.
I scarce had thought of such before—
Oh, yes I had, but claimed it mine;
The thought, to me, seemed not divine.

“Yestreen the thought I pondered o’er,
But vowed that such would not be wise;
While sauntering along the shore,
I deemed that I could not advise
Such a procedure, and declared
That such a joy could not be shared
By me; and further, thought it vain
That I should hope, such prize to gain.

“But thrice to me the angel spoke,
Each time the message was the same;
Thrice, unto me, ere I awoke,
Saying that I, mine own, should claim.
When consciousness from sleep returned,
I felt that I, my lord, had spurned;
Felt sorrowful and said, ‘This word,
Most certainly, is of the Lord.’”

“Hear me,” quoth Godfrey, “if you will,
What mean you when you say, ‘the thought’?
And answer more, what further, still,
Can be the message angels brought?
Say on, and fear not thou to speak!
What information do you seek?
Be brave, young man, do thou reveal
The very wishes you conceal.”

Dame Godfrey listened with surprise,
Wondering what he wished to say;
Nor could the maiden quite surmise

The cause of his timidity:

They both suggested, with a smile,
That he proceed with calmness, while
They listened; and, quite certainly,
They would not his request deny.

"Well, then!" he blundered, "it is thine
To grace my most unworthy life.

Please give thy daughter to be mine;—

To be my own, my charming wife:

This is the message which I heard;
The angels brought to me this word;
They brought this word thrice unto me,
Saying that she was mine to be.

"Give me mine own, that we may go

To seek the place where we may dwell;

The angel messenger will show

To us the way, through vale and dell:

It promised to reveal the place
Within the mountains' strong embrace,
Where we may dwell and be content,
As those who are divinely sent.

"Fear thou to interfere, because

This is the will of God; for they

Who wittingly transgress His laws

Severest penalty must pay:

While to obey God's will is sure

To gain the treasures which endure;—

Although it seems a sacrifice,
His favor greatly multiplies.

"I know not where the guide will lead;
The apparition said, 'Depart—
Go ye, till you shall find, indeed,
A place within the mountains' heart.'
There we will build a happy home;
A happy couple we will be;
And over us will spread the dome
Of prosperous futurity.

"These brawny arms of mine shall be
Protection for her, night and day;
And I shall spare no energy
That I, to her, may strength convey:
The oak will yield itself to frame
The humble dwelling we will claim;
And, by my own incessant toil,
I'll clear and till the virgin soil.

"And when the autumn chills shall blow,
(The season's harvest all in store)
Into the woods, each day, I'll go
In quest of its treasures galore:
Upon my shoulder will I bear
The pheasant and the slaughtered deer;
And peace and plenty shall remain
Within our cottage's domain.

"And those who come unto our door,
If they be hungry, will be fed;
Unfortunates will we restore,
If they consent to thus be led:
The sick, if such there be, shall hear
Our most consoling word of cheer;
The orphans shall receive our aid,—
Such help shall never be delayed.

“And I will pledge myself to give
Devotion to the Holy One;
And, for His glory, will we live,—
To glorify the Holy Son.
Each day, thy worthy child will share
The blessing of a life of prayer;
God witness 'twixt both me and thee,
That I will live consistently.”

Alphonso answered thoughtfully:
“Young man, to me, your great request
Has come quite unexpectedly.

You ask that we shall give the best
We have. She is our only child.
It would have been quite mild,
If you had asked for our estate,—
Your wish would not have been so great.

“For more than twenty summers she
Has been, to us, a constant grace;
She came to us from heaven, to be
The angel of our dwelling place:
Her smiles have dried away our tears,
And gladdened us for twenty years;
The beauty of her life, alone,
Increases gladness in our own.

“The angels of the world above
Could not have been more dutiful,
Abiding in the realms of love;
Her life, like theirs, is beautiful:
And she has ever been content,
If on some useful labor bent;
No sacrifice to her is great,
If it will mend another's fate.

"How can we give our child away
And say, 'Good-bye,' knowing that she
Must leave our own hearthstone to stay,
And nevermore the same can be?
Although the years will come and go,
With summer's bloom and winter's snow,
No more her smiling angel face
Will lend to us its constant grace.

"I question not your willingness
To dedicate your powers to prove
The very spirit you profess,
In manifesting your great love:
But, be it known unto thee,
That we suffer, most bitterly,
Complying with these wishes,—thine—
For our own lives with hers entwine.

"Withal, we dare not choose a course
That will antagonize the will
Of God. It would but make things worse,
And add unto our sorrow, still:
So I will give her unto thee,
If she consents your own to be;
Ye twain about this may confer,
She is of age, you may ask her."

The young man raised his trembling voice,
And to the blushing maiden spoke;
Saying, "You are my heartfelt choice;
For unto me, ere I awoke,
A messenger from heaven said:
'This is the maiden you shall wed.'
Now, if you will give your consent,
Heaven will let naught else prevent."

Corinna's hand, then, Patrick took;
Looked wistfully into her eyes;
The maiden stood with downward look;
Yet, indicated no surprise:
Dame Godfrey brushed away a tear;
Patrick himself had heavy fear
That she, his vision, would decry
And his own wishes would deny.

But when Corinna spoke she said:
"Your wishes I cannot deny;
If Heaven deigns that we should wed,
Why should I Heaven's will defy?
And if I may, I will confess,
Just now, of my forgetfulness;
For while I slept an angel came
And unto me declared the same."

The festal day was not delayed;
The guests, in happy frame of mind
And in their finest garb arrayed,
Brought presents of the rarest kind:
And witnessed they the nuptial sheen
Upon the pleasant cottage green;
For there to each the troth was made,
And kindest wishes were conveyed.

Oh happy moment, happy hour!
When youthful couple thus may stand
To be united, by the power
Of holy love, in heart and hand:
Such blissful moments do fulfill
The mandate of the Holy Will;
They sanctify the man and wife
To be a stay to each through life.

A fortnight, scarcely, yet had passed
When Patrick said: "We must be gone;
These golden moments will not last;
Our journey, now, we should be on:
Before us lie the happy years
Of blissful promises and cheers;
Delightful though it be to stay,
We must no longer here delay.

"Grant now thy willingness that we
May go in peace"—said Patrick to
Alphonso Godfrey—"let us be
Quite pleasing in thy sight and true
To thee; yet, may we onward go,
That we our dwelling place may know;
Where we may our own cottage build,—
According as the angel willed."

Unto this word Godfrey replied:
"We loathe to see the parting day;
Our hearts would be quite satisfied,
If it would please ye twain to stay:
Yet, we will never interfere,
The will of God, we must revere;
So be it pleasing unto thee
To do the best ye twain may see."

"Then we'll be off to-morrow morn;
Our rising must be ere the sun,
With solar graces, doth adorn
Our hemisphere, or hath begun
The birds to pipe their morning lay;
Thus, rising with the dawn of day,
The freshness of the morning hour
Will be for us a goodly dower.

"Ourselves, this day, we may amuse,
And give ourselves to gayest thought;
No visitor will we refuse,
If some have farewell greetings brought:
But, let it be a day of joy,
A happy day without alloy"—
Thus Patrick spake, with joyful tone
Belonging to himself, alone.

When morning came, the sunlight shone
With sombre stillness on the green;
A gloominess, erstwhile unknown
Weighed heavy, on the cottage scene:
Patrick, only, made haste to go;
The family's movements were so slow;
For it was rending of the heart
To break the family ties apart.

"Listen, one moment, if you may,"
Said Godfrey, "while a word I speak;
The burdens of life's little day
Are grievous except we seek
The aid of Him who said, 'On Me
Let all your load rest heavily;'
Now, ere our heavy hearts do break,
Our burdens, to Him, let us take."

So, just inside the cottage door,
The family circle knelt in prayer;
The scene was one of oft before,
But they a new experience share:
For when a family circle breaks,
The Future, not a promise, makes
To give again in full restore
To make it as it was before.

So earnestly, the prayers arose ;
 Alternately and reverently
Did each to God, his heart, disclose,
 Petitioning, most fervently,
That He would keep them every day
In safety, all along life's way ;
Until they should unto Him come
To make Eternity their home.

Prayers being ended, they arose
 And greeted each with holy kiss ;
Affectionately they disclosed
 How much, by parting, each would miss :
The daughter spake, with trembling tone,
Of youthful pleasure, all her own ;
And gave her parents thanks that they
Had taught her, while a child, to pray.

"This wilderness is new to me,
 And long and perilous the way
That leads unto our destiny ;
 At least, the journey of a day
Do thou go with us," Patrick said,
"As ancient Israel was led,
Thus, will we be. The Holy One
Will guide us toward the setting sun."

The parents granted the request ;
 The four made ready, then, to start
To find in the inviting West
 Their home, within the mountains' heart :
The tools with which the cotter wrought,
A humble dower, forth were brought ;
An ax, a mattock and a spade,
Were on the beast of burden laid.

As forth they led the Durham cow,
 (A three-year-old and thoroughbred)
Remarked Dame Godfrey, "We endow
 Thee with the calf thy hands have fed :"
Corinna placed the rope, that morn,
For leading, on the heifer's horn ;
Declaring, it was unawares
That such endowment would be theirs.

At once they started on their march ;
 Moved slowly down the dusty lane,
Passing beneath the leafy arch
 Which guarded entrance from the main :
Godfrey, the beast of burden led ;
Followed the Groom, the thoroughbred ;
Mother and bride, behind them walked ;
And, of their future welfare, talked.

They came unto the winding trail ;
 Turning their footsteps toward the west,
Moved slowly, over hill and vale,
 Reaching the distant hillock's crest,
From which their cottage could be seen :
They looked and looked upon the scene ;
And, ere they passed into the glen,
Corinna turned and looked again.

The passing of the scenes of youth
 On that, to her, eventful day,
Was the unveiling of the truth—
 That Time enfolds mortality :
That what we love and cherish here
Must fade with each succeeding year ;
The crest of each succeeding hour
Reveals the fading of a flower.

Onward they moved with steady tread,
Along the undulating trail;
From leafy branches, overhead,
The squirrels beheld them in the dale:
The rabbit, bounding with a scare,
Forsook his cozy, midday lair
And darted outward through the wood;
They, pausing with amazement, stood.

The sun, the midday line, had passed;
Hung late upon the western sky;
While over hill and hollow cast
A portent, showing night was nigh,
When suddenly, they heard a hum;
Alphonso said, "A pheasant's drum!"
He spied the game, so much admired,
The flint-lock, slowly raised, he fired.

While, fluttering upon the ground,
The bleeding, dying pheasant lay,
The startle of the rifle's sound,
Did more good fortune, there, convey:
A drove of turkies, feeding near,
Came running toward them, into clear;
When Godfrey raised the loaded gun,
And marked for them the finest one.

That eve, beneath the leafy green,
They feasted on delicious game;
Their camp was pitched by a ravine;
Secured they water, from the same:
They each, the other's labor, shared;
The women, all the meal prepared;
The men, assiduous as they,
Built lodges for the nightly stay.

They fastened vines around the trees;
Substantial poles, across them, laid;
Then, covered them with brush and leaves;
And that, with bark, was overlaid:
Upon it were their blankets thrown;
Homespun—the workmanship their own;
The waving branches overhead,
Formed canopy above each bed.

The night was passed in peaceful rest;
The weary travelers gave o'er
Anxieties, which gravely pressed
Toward duties lying on before:
The dew drops, falling from the trees,
The nectar of the summer breeze,
Awoke them oft to hear the tale
Of sweetly singing nightingale.

The morning dawned with cloudless sky;
The wakeful stars all disappeared;
Thus, showed obeisance, reverently,
When the majestic sun appeared:
The reveille of the birds at dawn,
Announced that day was coming on,
Ere came the sun-light streaming through
The verdure, fresh with morning dew.

They each arose, in gleeful mood,
To greet the gladness of the morn;
Before them all the beauty stood
That could a summer day adorn:
The virgin forest throbbed with life;
With flowers and game, the wood was rife;
Surrounded by the nameless throng,
The trav'lers heard its mingled song.

The morning hours, so quickly, passed;
For cares again upon them dawned;
When, suddenly, Alphonso cast
From scenes, of which he was so fond;
And, rising quickly, said: "Go ye
To seek, ye twain, your destiny;
Our footsteps, homeward, must we turn;
For thither, have we much concern."

They, farewell greetings, passed around;
The parents said, "We must return.
When opportunities are found,
Come ye again; for we will yearn
To know how you may get along:
Fear ye no evil, do no wrong;
If ill befall thee, it will, then,
Be overruled for good of men."

The family horse, well fed and fat,
Up from its grazing, Godfrey brought;
Upon the nag Dame Godfrey sat;
She thus, an easy journey, sought:
Alphonso held the bridle rein;
The woman clutched the horse's mane;
The homeward trail, led through ravine,
And soon, no trace of them was seen.

Ere yet they passed beneath the hill,
Which would their charming vision hide,
They saw Corinna standing still;
Her husband standing by her side:
They waved their farewell greetings, and
Corinna, quickly, waved her hand,
Until, their veering to the right,
Verdure denied them further sight.

CANTO II

THE TWO SHIPS

Allegorical Introduction to Cantos II, III, IV and V

MY eyes beheld the gallant ship
While entering upon her trip;
She floated out with hoisted sail
All swollen with the rising gale,
And steered her prow around the rock,
Which guarded entrance to the dock.
She glided swiftly with the breeze
That bore her out upon the seas,
Where unabated sailing would
(By men who sailing understood)
Give satisfaction, every day
That would be spent upon their way,
Until she reached her happy goal,
Leaving the angry sea to roll
While she would rest in foreign port,
Doting upon her ocean sport.

My eyes beheld the motley crowd,
With gay attire and voices loud,
Who, peering from the gallant deck,
Gazing upon some distant speck,
Thought little of an ocean wreck.
Nay! there could not a danger be,—
Their crew were masters of the sea!—
All, men of magnanimity!

Who never entertained alarm
That they would ever meet with harm,
But trusted in themselves to be
The masters of their destiny.
Thus, souls filled with expectancy
Of anchoring beyond the sea,
Passed mirth and laughter all around
To mingle with the ocean's sound.

My eyes beheld the coming storm,
With clouds, assuming ghastly form;
Which quickly o'er the heavens rolled,
And of the tempest's fury told.
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed,
The breakers o'er the vessel dashed;
And billows pitched to mountain height,
As if to catch the flash of light,
Made foolish men to see the wrong
Of trusting in an earthly throng.
The vessel pitched from wave to wave,
The crew did all they could to save;
No energy did sailors spare
To save their vessel from despair;
But with the ocean's mighty rave,
They sank into its surging grave.

My eyes beheld another ship
While entering upon her trip.
She floated not with bellied sail,
But with the oar, she braved the gale;
Went calmly skimming out to sea,
Trusting in naught that man could see.
Her passengers feared not the waves,
But, trusting in the God who saves,

Each plied himself unto his oar,
With all his strength, to reach the shore.
The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled,
Which, all the tempest's fury, told;
But, as the waves rolled mountain high,
The galley did their strength defy,
And kept her poise against their roll,
Until she reached the distant goal.

Then sat the boatmen all around
Talking with interest profound.
They spoke of perils of the sea,
And how they reached their destiny.
Each man had tended to his oar;
And kept his mind upon the shore;
They minded not the ocean's spray,
That sought to wash them all away.
None wasted of his energy
By yielding to frivolity;
But each found rest and pleasure in
The destiny he sought to win,
And trusted Him who trod the sea
And stilled the stormy Galilee—
Because of this, they were at last,
The victors o'er a stormy past.

WITHIN THE MOUNTAINS' HEART

THE Godfreys had but disappeared,
When, from the heavy wooded dell,
A tremor of a voice was heard
As giving some unearthly yell:
When, suddenly, looking around
To see from whence had come the sound,
They saw, beyond them in the wood,
A husky, stalwart Indian stood.

His eyes fell on the youthful pair
And forthwith unto them he came;
Gazing upon them with a stare
That none but Indian eyes could claim:
He war paint on his person wore;
A fearful battle-ax he bore;
He had, also, a scalping knife,
That showed the marks of bloody strife.

'Twas only on the previous day,
His tribe had met with grave defeat;
While he, a lonely refugee,
Sought eagerly his tribe to meet:
So, coming through the wooded dell,
He gave a loud, distressing yell,
Hoping that some companion could
Hear, and give answer, as they would.

"Show ye no fright," Corinna said
To Patrick, as the form drew nigh;
"If ye have fear, let it be dead,—
As if ye would the world defy!
Yet, show ye kindness; and if he
Will share our hospitality,
We'll treat him here, upon this scene,
As would the lowly Nazarene."

"From whence came ye?" the red man said,
Speaking to them in native tongue;
"Have you from some brave captor fled,
Being courageous, brave, and young?
The white folk are the red man's dread,
We loath to see your numbers spread;
Come ye from whence and whence go ye?
Reveal to me your destiny."

His words, Corinna understood;
She gave to him an apt reply;
She said that their own coming should
Be pleasing to the red man's eye:
An air of dignity they showed;
And courage in their faces glowed;
Until the red man felt inspired;
For he, such courage much admired.

"From whence came we?" the maid went on,
" 'And whither do we go?' you ask;
Our coming is an epoch's dawn
Which will the white man's mind unmask:
We are the vanguard of a race
That seeks a peaceful dwelling place;
Where industry and faith will prove
The dignity and power of love.

"From whence come we? Sir, we have come,
The offspring of great ancestry;
Whose deities were not the dumb
Idols, void of sublimity:
True worshippers of God, were they;
Of God, who made humanity;
Of God, who made the earth and sea;
And shrouded them with mystery.—

"From whence come we? as ye, we come
The offspring of the highest form
Of Intellect—from God, we come;
Man is, of God's own thought, a form:
But more, we come of Spirit birth,
To bless this sin-benighted earth;
Fulfilling mandates of the Love
That came unto earth, from above.—

"And whence go we? Ah, we will go
Where we may do the greatest good;
Where great enjoyment we may know;
As every human being should:
We journey toward the mountains' heart,
Where we may do our humble part
Keeping the mandate of His Word—
Dressing the garden of the Lord."

The red man answered, "If I may
But question further, tell to me
How truth can be in what you say?—
You do not speak consistently:
How could the fathers of your race
Have been superlative in grace,
The lordly parentage of all,
And you in dignity so small?

"The Father Great, of whom you speak,
Great Spirit, maker of us all,
Would have us higher motives seek
Than white men manifest to all:
This native woods, in which we stand,
Is of the great Creator's hand;—
A sanctuary of the life
With which the native woods are rife.

"Listen again," the Indian spoke,
"Give ear unto these native sounds;
Ere all these forms of life awoke,
(These forms with which nature abounds)
These groves and deep ravines were still,
Except where music of the rill,
Or rustling leaves sang unto Him,
Who, for His joy, created them.

"You come to clear this wooded soil,
To bring havoc upon this scene;
The haunts of nature, white men spoil,
Whenever they proceed to glean:
They care not for the happiness
Which e'er pervades the wilderness;
But come as robbers, to destroy
Without regard for others' joy."

Thus spake the Indian to them;
Yet, in a recess of his heart,
And back of his demeanor, grim,
He felt a warm emotion start,
Which melted his uncivil ways,
As snow melts in the solar rays;
For he could not but feel inspired;
And he, their innocence, admired.

Then gave he up to kinder thought,
Showing that he would do no harm;
Their love had forth his goodness brought;
Their innocence had cast its charm:
Henceforth, he sought to give them aid;
A covenant was with them made;
A belt of wampum he gave o'er
To show he wished them ill no more.

"Go ye henceforth. This winding trail
Will lead you to the mountains' heart
Where native beauty does prevail;
There, you may do your 'humble part
Doing for earth the greatest good,
As every human being should,
Keeping the mandate of the Word,—
Dressing the garden of the Lord.'

“The mountain slopes will e’er afford
 Whatever scenes you may desire;
For on their rugged sides are poured
 Creation’s glory, to inspire,
By native beauty, all day long,
Each nature-loving heart with song,
Filling the soul with melody
Inspired by nature’s psalmody.

“The mountain rivulets will give,
 In peaceful note, their song of love
Thy vein of sorrow to relieve;
 While, merrily, they onward move:
Give ear unto them as they sing
And unto you their gladness bring.
Let them give merriment to you,
As, cheerfully, they wish to do.

“Upon the fertile banks will grow,
 Responsive to thy faithful toil,
The vegetation that will show
 The richness of the virgin soil.
And loving ones, to thee, will praise
The choicest products you will raise;
With thee devising, if they can,
For future toil, a better plan.

“When spring time comes, do thou go forth,
 With cheerfulness, the soil to plow;
To scatter seeds upon the earth,
 Which will luxuriantly grow.
Then will the autumn harvest turn
On you the contents of its urn;
And may the oak and beechen spray
Drop mast for thee abundantly.

"Of such do thou lay by in store,
In full supply, for winter time;
Then, by thy fireside, ponder o'er
The pleasure of the summer time:
The traveler, pondering his way,
O'ertaken by the close of day,
Will seek the comfort of thy home,
Lest danger should upon him come."

Then, suddenly, a distant yell,
So startling! was distinctly heard.
As the reverberations fell,
Within, a grave suspicion, stirred:
The Indian answered the call.
They heard the distant echoes fall.
Onward he darted, as a flame,
Departing strangely as he came.

Their journey now did they resume.
With blankets neatly folded and
Strapped on the Durham's back, the groom
Gave to his bride a helping hand.
Upon their pet Corinna sat;
And, smiling, said she wondered at
The willingness of their pet cow,—
That she, such treatment, would allow.

Unto Corinna Patrick gave
The flintlock gun—their latest dower,
Given to them that they might save
Themselves from facing Famine's power:
The ax, the mattock and the spade,
Patrick, upon his shoulder, laid;
Then, led he onward, through the vale,
Along the winding Indian trail.

Day after day, they trudged along
O'er hill and dale. While on their way,
They listened to Dame Nature's song
Which filled their souls with melody.
The song-birds piped for them their lay;
From shrub to shrub flitted the jay;
While, overhead, the noisy crow
Signaled the coming of a foe.

The locust doled its hymn of grief,
As if a judgment to disclose;
While, 'neath the cheer-portending leaf,
The bee sipped from the blooming rose.
The woodpecker, on deadened limb,
Added its joyous note for them;
And beat, for them, a lively march
While passing 'neath the leafy arch.

Rivers they crossed and valleys, wide;
Which lay outstretched across the trail;
Yet, pressed they on, and cast aside
Whate'er, their courage, would assail.
At night, the pleasantry of dream
Was broken by the panther's scream;
But, with the coming of the day,
They cheerfully resumed their way.

Onward, and onward still they go,
Drinking the joy from Nature's cup;
Onward, with steady tread, but slow,
Admiring the beauty as treasured up
In infinite forms of nature. Around
Them, it seemed, was every conceivable sound
Of the voices of insects, in harmony blending,
As if, in most sacred devotion, pretending.

Conversant, were they, with hallowed scenes,
Made sacred by worship of nature, ascending;
From forests, from rivers, from gorges, ravines
The worshipful accents of nature were blending:
No thought did they have of homeward returning,
But brightly their hopes of the future were
burning; [leading,
And these, followed they, on the path upward
With never a wish nor a thought of receding.

The foot-hills of the mountains passed,
They crossed the ranges on their way;
Until, with joy, they came at last
To where the Susquehanna lay:
With majesty the mountains stood,
Their rugged slopes covered with wood,
A parapet, on every hand,
Built up at Nature's strong command.

What scenery did they behold!
Nor could they have felt less inspired
Than Hellen, patriarch of old,
When he, Mount Othrys, first admired:
And there declared himself to be,
Not of a human ancestry,
But proudly claimed our ancient earth
Had given him ancestral birth.

Why further should they now pursue
Their journey? for, the continent,
If they, its breadth, should travel through,
Could not a better place present:
Nor did Parnassus, with its vines,
And trees and fountains and its shrines,
Entice the Muses more to stay,
Than did those mountains, them, that day.

Their burdens gladly laid aside,
They knelt to give a word of praise
To God; for He had gratified
Their hearts' desire. For many days,
Like Abraham, they wished to see
The land of promised destiny;
And when God showed it unto them,
They, humbly bowing, worshipped Him.

At once they cast about to find
A favored spot on which to build
Their humble dwelling. From the wind
They sought to shelter it; yet, willed
That on an elevated plot
They would erect their humble cot;
So, even when the freshet came,
They would have safety from the same.

Finally, they found a place
Upon a mountain's eastern side;
Their cabin should stand near its base;
Where they would happily reside:
And Patrick set at once to build;
Selected timber, as he willed,
Which seemed to him of choicest wood;
Corinna helped him as she could.

Tree after tree bowed unto them,
Until sufficiency obtained;
Each trunk was stripped of branch and limb,
And, for its needed place was framed:
Log after log went up until
Its height was suited to their will;
Upon one side, they made a door;
They laid in puncheon for a floor.

Corinna gathered rushes from
The Susquehanna's reedy bank;
She neatly matched and bundled them;
For thither were the rushes rank:
These, deftly woven, warp and woof,
Were used to thatch the cabin roof;
And mud was dug from 'neath the bog,
To daub between each chunk and log.

A chimney, made of mud and stick,
Built in the cozy domicile,
Was lined, judiciously, with brick,
Showing their art, domestical:
Within was built a huge fireplace
For winter use; and every trace
Of happiness that could be found,
Their habitation did surround.

The forest yielded up its store
To make their needed furniture;
Gave unto them treasures galore,
Their joy and pleasure, to secure:
And Patrick, with an artful hand,
Wrought, skilfully, at the command
And pleasure of his own good will,
Their joy and duty to fulfill.

The humble bower once made complete,
They now began to clear the soil;
Deadened the trees; about his feet,
Chips fell at his incessant toil:
Corinna worked with willing hand,
To help her husband clear the land;
Wrought, faithfully, within the bower,
Or side by side with him each hour.

Slowly the forest disappeared
In patches here and patches there;
Of underbrush the soil was cleared
Admitting rays of sunlight fair:
The patches grew into a field,
Which did, luxuriantly, yield
Annual crops, and golden-grained,
From seed from Indians obtained.
And, Frenchmen came to visit them;
Coureur de bois were they who came;
Equipped and clad in hunter's trim,
Whose riches were the forest's game:
And welcome couriers were they
Who did the distant news convey;
Bringing with them the latest tale,
No matter if the news was stale.
Their happiness was much admired;
The liberty with which they wrought
And privileges which they enjoyed
By other settlers were sought:
For, news of them was told abroad;
Which, proven not to be of fraud,
Encouraged other souls to come
Seeking an independent home.
Year after year a few more came;
Dismaying hardships underwent,
Until the place of Patrick's fame
Grew to a sturdy settlement:
His name was given to the place;
For, thither, found the travelers grace;
They called it Heaman* for the same;
For Patrick Heaman was his name.

*The place is historic, but to fulfill the author's purpose, it bears the fictitious name of its first settler.

Throughout the year, those toilers wrought,
Improving, each, his humble bower;
Yet, each devoted toiler sought
To give his neighbor wealth and power:
For every one sought, not alone
To give enhancement to his own;
But every one had fervent zeal
To help augment the common weal.

In winter, spring, in summer, fall,
Those rugged woodmen chopped away;
They saw the massive timbers fall
Before them, as they toiled, each day:
Each morn the workmen hurried out,
The forest rang with merry shout;
As brush was piled and logs were rolled,
The merry tales, by some, were told.

How joyful when the evening came,
When all the settlement turned out;
When women and the children came
With laughter, and with merry shout,
To help the sturdy woodmen sires
To kindle up the evening fires,
And saw the lurid flames arise,
To set aglow the evening skies.

The lovers came; and, side by side,
With each, in pretence, sought a task;
But work pressed, easily, aside
As proving but a worthy mask;
For truly were their hearts aflame
With love they hardly dared to claim;
But found it easier to shirk,
When love was more to them than work.

They, thus pretending, often found
The idol of each other's thought;
For, in the soul of each, the sound
Responses, by each other sought,
Were felt to vibrate with a vim
That seemed entrancing unto them;
Thus toil, in such enrapture spent,
Resulted in a covenant.

The mountain cloister thus became
The scene of faithful industry;
To every moment each laid claim;
And, for advancement, each did try:
The noisy loom and spinning wheel,
Did ardent industry reveal;
And showed, as would a busy hive,
Their mountain settlement, alive.

Scarce had two seasons passed away,
Till Patrick and Corinna, mild,
Were greatly blessed. One morn in May,
Was born to them a lovely child:
Blissful the day! a happy hour
That brought them such a goodly dower;
A bud, most promising of May,
Was given unto them that day.

Their baby girl, at once, became
The idol of its parents' thought;
They, modestly, dared not proclaim
The future brightness it had brought:
In confidence, they each conveyed
To each the portents it displayed,—
The marks of greatness, which it bore,
The signs of intellect it wore.

Had Providence, since man began
His travels on our ancient earth,
Bestowed such favors upon man
As now, by their own infant's birth?
Had woman, save the Virgin mild,
Brought unto earth a greater child?
Could more of Miriam been said
By her fond mother, Jochebed?

Had ever mother gazed into,
More promising, an infant's eye?
Had eye portrayed a purer blue
Reflected from celestial sky?
Had infant brow combined the trace
Of love, of beauty, and of grace,
Belonging to an angel face,
On earth, at any time or place?

The women of the village came
With tributes of their fondest love;
And fancied they could see the same
Marks of distinction; and, above
All things, the signs the babe portrayed,
Were in their own children displayed;
Nor could a single one allow
Their offspring equalled until now.

To Patrick, Providence had not
Withheld its wisdom nor its love;
And perfectly, His hand had wrought,
Portraying graces from above:
When He to them, their infant sent,
He gave a true embodiment
Of beauty, love, of grace and truth—
Such was the infant of their youth.

The beauty of the month of May,
Perfection by the lilies worn,
The promise of a vernal day,
The brightness of a summer morn
Were at the Father's own command,
And blended by His artful hand,
With the designs of heaven styled,
And all, embodied in their child.

"Since truth is every way displayed
Within our darling babe," they said,
"And truth will ever be conveyed
By her, and many souls be led,
Her character shall choose her name;
In turn, to indicate the same.
We'll call her 'Alethea,'* then,
To designate her life within.

"Let Heaven smile on her each day;
May breezes of the heaven blow
Celestial blossoms on her way
Wherever she may chance to go:
And may the kindness of her life
Tend to allay each cause of strife;
Let her bright presence be replete
With grace for those whom she may meet.

"Let her association be
What fate may make it on the earth,
But let the angels oversee
Her precious spirit, that the hearth
Where she presides will always give
A wholesome influence to live
For truth, and constantly, to press
The worthy cause of righteousness.

* *Ἀλήθεια*, i. e., truth.

"If sad misfortune overtake

Her way, then, let her fervent trust
In God, help her to ever make

The best of it; and as the just
Do live by faith, may she abide,
And always, in our Lord confide;
For ill, as does His word record,
Works good to those who love the Lord."

The anxious parents thus implored

With faith and zeal, like saints of old,
The love and mercy of the Lord,

Kind Providence would not withhold:
For every comfort that God gave,
Their souls, an offering, did wave
Before the Lord, in praise to Him.
For loving providence toward them.

Thus, in an atmosphere of prayer,

The infant, Alethea, grew;
With heaven's graces, everywhere,
Dripping profusely as the dew

Drips from the leaves on summer morn,
When living verdure doth adorn
The surface of our ancient earth,
To give to it a crown of mirth.

And Alethea soon became,

To all who knew her, a delight;
Her disposition won a fame;

And, in obedience, was right:
She learned the precepts of the Lord;
Repeated portions of His word;
And, in a simple, childlike way,
Learned, in her babyhood, to pray.

She feigned to run the spinning wheel;
To give assistance at the loom;
To wind the thread upon the reel;
Her cheerfulness dispelled the gloom,
And made her parents most forget
The strenuous hardships they had met;
They faced each day without recoil;
She took the burden out of toil.

She played, as helping in the field,
As if she dropped the rows with grain;
As anxious for abundant yield;
As giving thanks for needed rain:
Often, when Patrick plowed his corn,
Ere sounded yet, the dinner horn,
She pattered up the dusty lane,
To ride the gentle steed again.

When, softly, vernal zephyrs blew,
And flowers were blooming in the wood,
The paths which Alethea knew,
Throughout the mountain neighborhood,
She pattered back and forth again,
Throughout the settlement's domain;
And her winsome demeanor, rare,
Brought pleasant greetings, everywhere.

Unconsciously, she gave, to those
With whom she met, new courage; and,
She made them willingly dispose
To meet their hardship with a stand
That knew no falter nor alarm
From anything, tending to harm;
But made them feel the worth of life,
And muster courage for its strife.

The settlement had grown to be
Of great momentum; and, one day,
The herald cried vociferously,—
“The Indians are on their way!
The hostile tribes, both great and small,
Have marshalled at the warrior's call;
And, viciously, are coming down
The Susquehanna, toward our town!—

“Many descending by canoe!
Scores following the winding trail!
While others stealthily creep through
The secret paths o'er hill and dale!
The chief is armed with burnished lance,
Lately supplied from hostile France!
While those of common rank and file,
Are all equipped in Indian style!”

The settlers now suspended toil;
And quickly in their council met;
Consulting what would quickest foil
The red men with their savage threat:
The women and the children came,
With fainting heart and trembling frame;
Assembled to each other's aid—
Gathered within the great stockade.

The block-houses were quickly stored
With ammunition for the fray;
Lest the portentous savage horde
Would not entreat amicably:
Each woman carried from her door
A food supply, to lay in store
Inclosed, within the strong stockade,
In case a lengthy siege was made.

Their prayer ascended unto God,
Who, all races of men, had made,
That He, the Indians, would prod
With fear, thus give the white men aid:
As when the Syrian legions heard
The phantom army of the Lord,
And left their tents and fled away,
Leaving to Israel the day.*

Huge forts were built; log forts were they;
Quadrangular in style arranged;
And these were garrisoned each day
By those to red men not estranged:
The Susquehanna's channel came,
Wending its way between the same;
To send its needful resource through
The settlement of Heaman, too.

(Fear could not drive white men away;
They built their homes and there they stayed,
Regardless of the foul dismay
Or hardship that upon them preyed:
Intelligence had come to prove
Its unrelenting power; and Love,
Will prove its unrelenting will
For such as Alethea, still.

(And such there are in every home
Where Love, the family sceptre, wields;
For Alethea is the one
Who love unto your own heart yields:
No evil source can e'er create
A cause for sacrifice too great
To make, when true affection's arm
Has cast upon a soul its charm.)

*ii Kings vii. 6-8.

The colony was guarded, more,
By two small schooners on the stream,
Which daily plied along the shore,
And made the village, Heaman, seem
To own a dignity more rare
Than Indians had seen elsewhere.
Two cables—at the left and right—
Anchored the schooners during night.

When darkness fell, the northern sky
Was all aglow with streaks of light;
The Indians were wont to try
To burn the vessels, both, that night:
So, framing one massive batteaux,
With fagots filled and all aglow,
Set it afloat, while all aflame;
Which, down the friendly river, came.

The sentries watched the burning craft,
Until it slowly floated down;
Then, swung their vessels to the left
And let it float on, past the town:
Birch bark and fagots, burning tar,
Shot streaks of light and flames afar,
Making the village, Heaman, bright,
With ill-intended flames of light.

When morning came, a birch canoe
Was seen to round the river's bend;
Its occupants were red men, who
Signaled the coming of a friend:
The barque, by little use of oar,
The muddy current, swiftly, bore,
Till moored upon the river bank
By red men of distinguished rank.

"We seek your chief," the Sachem said
Unto the sentries, as they stood
With form erect—as workmen clad—
About the Heaman neighborhood :
Then Patrick stepped slightly apace,
His courage glowing in his face,
And calmly unto them replied :
"I am the chieftain, by your side."

"We come as messengers of peace.
We come, by our own prophets, sent;
Beseeching you to give them place
In council, that you may prevent
Some grave disaster; evil birds
Have brought to us alarming words;
Saying, 'A storm is in the north,
And winds of fury bring it forth.'

"Our prophets will, in council, meet,
If, hearing, you will kindly give.
Brave men are they; if you will greet
Them, highest honors you'll receive:
Wise men are they; for they are taught
By winds and groves; and birds have brought
To them great wisdom from afar;
Hence, wisest of all men they are."

Thus spake the Indians to them,
And showed great earnestness, as they
Entreated Patrick; for to him
Was made their eloquent display:
And Patrick stated, if they would
Bring worthy counselors that stood
For honesty and truth and right,
Such counsel would be his delight.

The Indians, with best intent,
Their warmest friendship, now, displayed;
Their wisest warriors would be sent,
And sacred covenants be made:
Encouraged, now they turn unto
The river and their birch canoe;
Light-hearted and with face agleam,
They push their shallop up the stream.

Next day the embassy arrived;
In all, there were three score and ten;
Not one of them would be deprived
Of counsel with the Englishmen:
The council chamber was prepared,
And, unto it, they all repaired;
Marched through the door, in single file,
'Twixt ranks, in military style.

Aw-táw-waw-táw-waw gave the sign
Unto his warriors as they stood,
In semicircular design,
In gravest sort of Indian mood:
Then all were seated on the floor,
On pelts, arranged for them before;
And, cunningly, they looked askance
To catch the strongholds of defence.

Each Indian a blanket wore
About his loins; his body, bare,
With slime and clay was painted o'er
In hieroglyphics, here and there.
Each, also, had a painted face;—
Painted with charcoal mixed with grease;
From every scalp, a lock arose;
And some wore feathers through the nose.

Also, within the chamber sat
Bold Patrick with his councilmen;
And, deeply thinking, wondered at
The purpose of the hostile men;
For each a vile intention showed;
Such intent in their faces glowed;
Although for peace they made appeal,
Each did a large couteau conceal.

*(Aw-táw-waw-táw-waw, an Algonquin chief,
stands before Patrick and his councilmen and ad-
dresses them as follows:)*

"My Friend, we come to counsel with you here;
We come by invitation, and with cheer
And promptness, do we answer to your call;
For things of great concern, concern us all."

Patrick

"The call for counsel, Sir, is not our own,
But yours; yet, naught we care for that; alone
Is it important that we justly seek
Each other's welfare; if for this you speak,
Say on, and we most carefully will weigh
The import of the message you convey."

Chief

"The Indian desires not trouble; few,
At least, of our old men that really do."

Patrick

"We counsel not for trouble, but for peace."

Chief

"Yea, truly, peace we counsel for, indeed;
For that, my prophets here, will all concede;

But do not interrupt me furthermore;
Allow me place the red man's cause before
You; when my earnest plea you once have heard,
We will give audience unto your word."

Patrick

"Say on."

Chief

"To-day, I stand to plead our cause,
The cause of justice; which, in nature's laws
Is clearly written, so that all may read,—
This, every honest white man, will concede.
These heavy-wooded mountains, rich and gay
With summer roses, stretching far away;
And this deep wood, inhabited, to-day,
With birds of every plume and beasts of prey;
And even the great plains, away so far,
Where herds of antelope and bison are,
Belong to us—they are the red man's dower,
Bestowed upon him by the highest Power.
No tribe of men, excepting of our own,
These vast extended lands have ever known;
At least, no chronicle, the red men claim,
That shows possession in another's name;
(Excepting places, where the level grounds
Have been thrown up to make extended mounds;)
And them our fathers charged to put to rout,
And either slew them all or drove them out.
By first possession, then, this land we claim;
Nor will we here reduce our fathers' fame."

While thus the chief of the Algonquins spoke,
The savage prophets showed a pleasing look;
Each grunted his assent, with nodding head,
Approval gave, to everything he said.

As he rose in eloquence, sublime,
(His brave ancestry lauding all the time)
The prophets grew relentless and arose,
Inflamed with wild ambition to disclose
Their vile intention, and proceeded there
To brandish tomahawks and sabers bare.
Aw-taw-waw-taw-waw quickly toward them
turned
And, gruffly speaking, their own conduct spurned;
Quelling their passion, with commanding word,
That Patrick's voice could be distinctly heard.
Then Patrick spoke with grave, commanding tone,
And courage which he hardly dared to own;
Except, like Joshua, who was assured
Of the unfailing presence of the Lord.

Patrick

"Your fathers' fame, you may not here reduce;
And you, abruptly now, may break our truce;
But we have come to stay, and here, we claim
Partial possession in another's name,
The name of One who freely gave to all,
And never wished that any tribe should fall."

Chief

"Who is this chief that freely gives to all,
And never wishes any tribe to fall?"

Patrick

"It is the Lord, the gracious Lord of hosts;
Who came, to this, our world, to pay the cost
Of man's redemption; for He freely gave
His life in sacrifice, the world to save.
He made the earth; the land, the sea, the sky;
He made the sun; created every eye

And all it needs to everywhere behold
The mystery of life in manifold.
He made the heavy forest and the breeze
That sighs among the branches and the leaves;
And all the feathered songsters that we hear
Pour forth their strains of music every year.
These massive hills and valleys, stretching far
Into the depths of this wild wilderness,
And plains, where grazing herds of bison are,
Were given by the hand of Providence.
Yet, none of these were given for the few,
But for the good of all, that each may do
His best—the highest that within him lies,
That he may help the race of man to rise.

“When this great *Chief, the earth at first had
made,
And unto man, divine appointment laid,
He said unto the woman and the man,
‘Hear ye, for I reveal to you my plan.
Be fruitful, and with thine own hand subdue;
I give the scepter of the earth to you;
Have thou dominion over earth and sea;
And all the fowls of air belong to thee.
Man’s duty, then, as I to you declare,
Is to subdue the earth, and everywhere
Take full possession, for it is his fief,
Conferred upon him by earth’s highest Chief.
The Indian does not obey this Lord;
He, rather freely, does reject His word;
And seems content, himself, to leave the sway
Of earth’s dominion to the beasts of prey;
Thus do the Indians reverse the plan,
As if the beast were owner of the man.”

*John 1:10; Gen. 1:26-30.

While Patrick spoke, a stalwart chief arose;
And, suddenly, before their spokesman knows
Of his intent, a javelin is hurled,
With vicious hand, (as did the angry Saul
To nail the Hebrew peasant to the wall,)
At Patrick's head; and one as quickly hurled,
Aimed at his heart; yet, both landed amiss,
But Patrick's courage wavered not at this.

Then superstition seized the frenzied crowd;
And, as the voice of one, they cried aloud:
"He is a god! he is a god! the birds,
Betraying us, have brought us lying words!"
Then Patrick, bold, with rugged form and stout,
Signaled his sentries, standing all about,
Who quickly drew unto their captain's side.
Their manly forms, erect and dignified,
Impressed the savage prophets that a fray
Would mean defeat for Indians, that day.
Then Patrick spoke with stern and firm command:

"Depart, ye noxious men—a deadly hand,
A virulent and bloody heart you show;
With venom seem your spirits all aglow."

At once the savage prophets marshalled out;
Dissatisfied were they; yet, without doubt,
To some of them, a god had been assailed,
Else, perfect spearmen, never could have failed;
While others felt that all had been deceived,
Nor yet, from duty, did they feel relieved;
But, swearing vengeance for another day,
Their shallows all unmoored, they rowed away.

The families came forth from their retreat,
Rejoicing at the enemies' defeat;

And all the colonists stood on the bank
To watch the prophets of distinguished rank,
Whose vicious plot to slay the white men's chief,
Had failed to give their bloody wants relief.
"Will they come back again?" the children cried;
Then, mothers drew their children to their side,
Admonished them to place their trust in Him,
Who gave a bloodless vict'ry over them.

Throughout the days of that eventful year,
The colonists were laden with much fear;
And as they wrought, within door, or in field,
Each closely kept a weapon for a shield;—
As did the ancient Hebrews, when they came
And wrought to build Davidic walls of fame;
For half of them stood guardsmen with the spears,
While others wrought until appeared the stars;
Lest, in an unexpected moment they
Would be assailed and slain, or borne away.

But ere the days of autumn had appeared,
While meadows by the summer-sun were seared,
The Indians, revengeful, evermore,
More wily planned, than they had planned before.
They lurked about the village in the wood;
They learned where Patrick's humble dwelling
stood;
They watched him go unto and from his field;
And saw him reap the soil's abundant yield;
They watched Corinna, busy evermore,
And Alethea, playing by the door.

One afternoon, late in the summer, came
A burly Indian, whom settlers claim
Was Little Foot—for swiftmess was his fame—

Who, darting swiftly from the tangled wood,
Unto the place where Patrick's dwelling stood;
(While colonists were careless of their guard)
And quickly bounding into Patrick's yard,
Seized baby Alethea by the arm,
As if he thought to do the infant harm,
But wheeled and started, quickly as he could,
Returning with the child into the wood.

But Alethea's screams were strong alarms;
The people cried aloud, "To arms! to arms!"
The women from their cottages ran out,
And gathered all the little ones about
To see if any one was found amiss;
For what could be the meaning of all this?
From plot and field the men came with the shout:
"What is the great confusion all about?"
But when they closer to their lodges drew,
They spied the wily Indian dart through
A clump of trees that edged on Patrick's lawn;
From whence unto the forest he went on,
With Alethea screaming. As he sprang,
The forest, with distressing echoes, rang.

Quickly the men ran, with determined bound,
Toward whence was heard the child's distressing
 sound;
And when they sprang into the woods, they spied
The foeman's aid, with ponies by his side.
The aid leaped quickly to his pony's back,
And wheeled the horse upon the narrow track;
Thence in his arms, he took the screaming child,
And rudely spurred away into the wild.
At once the other followed on the trail,
Leaving the stricken colonists to wail.

Then Patrick shouted, loudly, "With great
speed,

Bring unto me our strongest, swiftest steed!
Do thou make haste! let not thine effort stay!
For savages have borne my child away!
Away! away! have borne my child away!"

CANTO III

INTRODUCTION

LET seen and unseen powers combine
To give their strength unto the soul
That strives to reach a worthy goal;
Yet, let the mighty hand divine,
Unto the righteous soul, give aid,
That it may its design secure,
And, willingly, hardship endure,
Till evil's due is justly paid.
Let Justice claim its own, and find
A way to give to all mankind,
The measure of a full reward,—
For every deed, its own accord;
But let the hand of Mercy be
The guide of all humanity,
That men shall not forget to own
That mercy unto them is shown.

THE SEARCH

THE steed, to Patrick, quickly brought,
He mounted it and spurred away
Into the wilderness. The thought
Of anguish and of foul dismay
Of little Alethea, gave
Unto her father, strong and brave,
In double portion, strength and will,
To rescue his own child from ill.

His piercing eyes were fixed to see
The foe, that bounded yet amain;
His brow hung heavier as he
Urged on his horse and slacked the rein:
His voice was firm, his lips were set,
As on and on he hastened yet;
Expecting turn to left or right,
To bring his foemen into sight.

A few leagues more he galloped on,
But failed to catch the glimpse of them;
He thought, perhaps, that he had gone
On some by-way, estranged to him:
So, drew the rein to list if he
Could hear his vicious enemy;
And, mingled with his baby's call,
He heard the hoofs of horses fall.

Encouraged now, he, furthermore,
Urged on his jaded steed to give
Its hardest effort as before,—
Without his child, how could he live!
The faithful nag seized on the bit,
And lunged ahead with nerve and grit,
As if it knew success that hour,
Depended on its will and power.

A few more leaps, and 'round the curve,
He saw the wicked captors turn;
His rigid will and steady nerve,
Pledged the reward of great concern:
His horse kept gaining all the while,
Though it had measured many a mile,
Until it brought him to the side
Of him who held his darling pride.

The father summoned, "Halt, ye men!
Give unto me my pride, my charm!"
But, with demoniacal grin,
The Indian smote Patrick's arm:
Thence, reaching forth to grasp the rein,
To bring a sudden halt amain;
When, from the ambush, came a dart
That pierced his faithful horse's heart.

The horse fell dead upon the spot;
No more its faithful bounds to make;
And, grim misfortune, drew the lot
That righteous Patrick was to take:
The Indians gave joyful yell
When Patrick's horse beneath him fell;
And on they rode, with urgent bound,
Leaving them prostrate on the ground.

The father gained a steady poise
And saw the captors of his child,
With tightened grip and howling noise,
Still plunging on into the wild:
He heard his horse's dying groan,
Which seemed no sadder than his own;
Then gave the beast a parting look,
Thenceforth, on foot, his way betook.

Erelong, exhausted, Patrick fell;
The savages still rode away;
Within, he felt that pangs of hell
Had pierced his very soul, that day:
He fell as if with dying groan;
Breathless, heartless, and alone;
The agony experienced there
Gave unto him profound despair.

But, while he wrestled there alone,
Praying that strength would be restored;
An angel darted from the Throne,
Commissioned by the blessed Lord,
Administered to him the cup
Which cheered his drooping spirit up;—
As did the angel come, when He
Suffered, in untold agony.

It seemed he heard the seraph's voice,
And felt a soft ethereal hand,
While speaking unto him the choice
Of Him, who gave to it command:
The father braced himself and stood
And gazed about him in the wood,
As if he thought the Vision bold,
That spake to him, he might behold.

Then Patrick fell upon his face
In recognition of the aid;
Gave thanks for omnipresent grace
For those whose trust in God is staid:
Invisibly, amidst the wood,
The Great Eternal Spirit stood;
And Patrick thought of Jacob's lot—
When God was near, he knew it not.

Renewed and strengthened, undismayed,
By nectar given to his soul,
The search no longer was delayed—
At once, the man pursued his goal
With full assurance, and complete,
That God would give him strength to meet
Emergencies, which should befall
Him, where his footsteps chanced to fall.

He plodded on until the day,
From Nature's beauty and delight,
Withdrew each friendly solar ray,
And sadly darkened into night:
The darkness thickly 'round him fell;
The forest echoed fiendish yell,
When down upon the earth he lay,
To wait the glad return of day.

The morning dawned with cloudless sky;
But Patrick rose with heavy heart;
Truly did heaviness defy
The balm which Sleep wished to impart:
Yet, rising with determined will
To rescue Alethea, still,
He moved along with solemn tread,
As one in mourning for the dead.

Year after year fled on and he,
Bewailing his misfortune, came
Across the mountains. Suddenly
His vision broke upon a claim:
Before him stood a hunter's lodge,
Upon a river's stony marge;
He took delight that he should find,
Once more, a human of his kind.

The heavy timbers all around
Precluded vision, all but near;
But echoed, clearly, every sound,
Arousing every sense of fear:
The father called, but failed to hear
The voice of any human near;
Except the echo of his own,
Which showed a melancholy tone.

A savage dog, beside the door,
Tied with a heavy cord, became
Enraged to see the visitor,
And bellowed, loudly, at the same :
So, Patrick thought that some one should
Be somewhere near, within the wood ;
And thought, perhaps, the baying hound
Would bring its owner, if around.

Late in the afternoon, he saw
A shallop coming down the stream ;
He watched the boatman nearer draw ;
It made his sorrow lighter seem :
For who could tell but what he knew
Something which would give him a clue
Toward finding Alethea fair,—
Perhaps her captors had been there.

“Good cheer!” cried Patrick unto him.
The boatman ceased to ply his oar ;
And turned unto the river’s brim,
To moor his barge upon the shore.
The strangers at each other gazed ;
The boatman showed himself amazed ;
For years had passed since he had been
In company with Englishmen.

The boatman seemed to be a man
Some years beyond the middle age ;
His piercing eyes began to scan
The visitor, as would a sage ;
He was a man of rugged form ;
But, showed a disposition, warm ;
His hair was long ; he wore a beard,
Which made his own appearance weird.

"Good afternoon," the boatman said,
In broken English, thus, he spake;
Patrick replied and bowed his head,
As if he would obeisance make:
Then stepped the stranger on the land,
Extended to the guest his hand;
Expressed his joy to meet the same,
And modestly asked Patrick's name.

Thence Patrick willingly replied
In answer to the man's request;
And of his story he supplied
Whatever portion he thought best;
He showed, also, a joyful air
To meet the friendly woodsman there;
And, felt to him, was due the same,
So asked the stranger for his name.

"My name?" the hardy woodsman said.
"'Tis Algernon," then dropped his head;
In broken English, then, went on,
"For many years I have been gone,
And came a refugee, by chance,
From my own country, bleeding France.
As others, it has been my lot
To be, by faith, a Huguenot.

"Long years ago my kinsman sought
To bring a day of brighter hope;
For freedom of the French, they fought
Against the greedy, crafty Pope:
At St. Quentin and Moncontour,
They proved courageous, every hour;
And bloody stories they could tell
Of how the brave Coligny* fell.

*Admiral Coligny, one of the principal leaders of the

"Though many years had passed away,
My parents still the faith maintained;
Through grave misfortune and dismay,
Their strength and fortitude remained:
But when the only law* that gave
Protection from the priestly knave
Was nullified, Carolina showed
That lamps aflame with freedom glowed.

"I prove to be a wanderer;
I came along my path alone,
Defying every barrier
Which has to me obstruction shown.
I find that when the human will
Decides for good, against the ill,
That Providence will take command
And lend a Providential hand.

"Sir, years have passed since I became
A dweller of this lonely place;
I crave not for the bubble fame,
But covet righteousness and grace.
And here, surrounded by the wood
Which has for many ages stood,
I seek to gain the lofty goal
God has appointed for the soul.

French Protestants during the 16th century, fell at the hands of an assassin. When his enemy entered the room he found the old man sitting in an easy chair. Coligny exclaimed, "Young man, my gray hairs ought to command thy respect; but do as thou pleasest; thou canst shorten my life but a few days." At this, the wretch pierced him with several stabs and threw the body out of the window into the court-yard.

*The edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685 depriving the Protestants of all security and rights as long as they clung to their religion; accordingly, many settled in America, especially in South Carolina.

"No sin of man has ever stained
The solitude which here I find;
In truth, Dame Nature has retained
Her virtue, more than human kind;
So, to these quiet haunts, I draw
That I, controlled by nature's law,
May drink the nectar from the cup,
That built her holy virtues up.

"How singular, but true it seems,
That holy men must live alone;
Since, from the souls of men, there streams
A current, as from evil zone,
Which tends each human life to mar—
To bring upon the soul a scar;
Except it draw itself aside
To miss the flow of psychic tide.

"Thus purity alone is found,—
Believe me, Guest, the words I say
Are words of worth, of wisdom, sound
Is the import they convey."—
Thus spake the solemn hermit, grave
Admonition, then, he gave
That Patrick, thus, should spend his life
In haunts afar from human strife.

Patrick

"Strangers we are; to each estranged;
By chance, alone, it is we meet;
And thoughts, except they be exchanged,
With offspring, cannot be replete.
Hear me, I pray, that I may give
My reason why a soul should live;
Our views, in some points, may divide;
Although in some, may coincide.

"I grant that mind must reach its goal,
And that it be supremely pure;
But not that purity of soul
Is the lone virtue to secure:
For love and justice, wisdom too,
Unselfishness and mercy, true,
Are virtues which a soul must gain,
If it, the highest good, attain.

"Pray, how can justice, mercy, love,
Develop in a human heart,
If souls, to be pure as a dove,
Each from the other draw apart?
Pray, can a soul attain its best,
If it may never chance to test
Its virtues with another soul—
Thus o'er its weakness gain control?

"If men would know how to forgive,
And toward each soul be truly just,
Among men, they must surely live,
That others may betray their trust:
And thus abiding, they may grow
In faith, and love and mercy show;
As did the Just for human need,
That He might, justly, intercede."

Thus, pleasantly, the evening passed.
Algernon's humble lodge became
A place of comfort. Tree-tops cast
Their heavy shadows o'er the same,
Filling the blackness of the night
With ghastly terrors and affright;
Which made the darkness of the place
Seem void of everlasting grace.

When morning came they broke their fast,
Partaking of delicious game;
Which bounty, Providence had cast
Abroad for universal claim.
And, while they of their meal partook,
Algernon, with an anxious look,
Inquired if Patrick had not heard
The story of the latest word.

Algernon

"Some years ago a chief passed by,
(An Indian of fearful mien!
With painted face and piercing eye)
Who sought this Frenchman's aid to gain:
A child, with beauty of renown,
Was stolen from some Eastern town;
And borne by Indians afar,
Where few, but Indians, there are.

"I did not see the child, but he
Declared, that just a little way,
Her captors waited, anxiously,
For some, their evil deed, to stay:
He claimed the French had always been
The enemies of Englishmen,—
Desiring I should give him aid
As captor of the little maid.

"But stoutly I refused," he said,
"Nor promised I would keep a word;
For as the stars float overhead,
The groaning voices I have heard,
Of those who with profoundest grief
Have shed much tears without relief.
Within my soul, I felt the groan;
And heard their deep pathetic moan.

"Already many years have passed,
Since that fierce chieftain here appeared;
And o'er this happy haunt was cast
The gloom of his appearance weird:
But, when I told him that I could
Give him no aid, into the wood
He turned, and gruffly went away;
Nor has returned unto this day.

"Oft since, if I in quest of game,
Or other reasons, have been gone,
My vicious dog, Nero by name,
I've chained somewhere upon the lawn
Where he could hear and give alarm;
Yet, being tied, could do no harm,
In case some one should come that day,
Seeking the one stolen away.

"Friend, is this tale new unto you?
Is it the first time you have heard
Of this misfortune? really true
Is this the story of my word:
How strange! of this, I did not think,
When first upon the river's brink
I saw you standing, yesterday,—
Near where the ripple waters play."

While the backwoodsman told his tale,
And marveled that the tale was new,
Patrick kept silent, all the while,
Until the hermit told it through.
(The generous host was much admired)
And Patrick carefully inquired
Of where the Indians had gone,
Bearing their little captive on.

Algernon said, "I know not where
The mystery of evil goes,
But hear that savage captors share
Their spoils where the Ohio flows:
That villages of brave Twightwees,
And lodges of the fierce Shawnees,
And of Piankashaws are there,
That they may of their booty share.

"I hear of 'Buckskins' they make spoil,
They hide in ambush everywhere,
Seeking the settler's plans to foil,
Not even human life to spare:
They take the block-house by surprise,
And murder parents, in the eyes
Of their own children, then, like knaves,
They make the children abject slaves.

"They steal the horses from the barn,
They drive the cattle from the lot,
And from the cornfields husk the corn,
Thus pillage every 'Buckskin's' plot:
They lie in wait throughout the day
To seize the traveler on his way;
As did the thieves of long ago
Upon the road to Jericho.

"They burn their captives at the stake,
Or cast them headlong down the steep;
Except the captive should escape
By making a McColloch's leap,*

*"One of the leading men renowned along the border as a chief in a family famous for its Indian fighters was Major Samuel McColloch. Wheeling was invested. He tried to break into it by riding a favorite old white horse. But the Indians intercepted him and hemmed him in on the brink of an almost perpendicular slope, some three

'Adown the bouldered-covered hill,
Half falling, yet half springing, still
Victorious, away, to slip,
By daring feat of horsemanship.'

"They sell the victim's scalp for gold,
Or trinkets, worth a paltry sum;
They dance the war dance, known of old,
Inflamed with fire-water and rum:
The tribes confederate to win
Their battles over Englishmen;
And on the frontier, courage show
To put to rout the pale-faced foe."

Patrick

"My friend," said Patrick Heaman to
The weird appearing Huguenot,
"The story you tell me is true;
I have desire to doubt it not:
The stolen babe of which you tell,
Is my own child, I know quite well;
And for her now, I am in quest,
In this wild savage-haunted West.

hundred feet high. So sheer was the descent that they did not dream any horse could go down it and, instead of shooting, they advanced to capture the man whom they had hated. Wheeling short around, he sat back in his saddle, reined in his steed and spurred him over the brink. The old horse never faltered, but plunged headlong down the steep. In another moment, the Indians saw their unharmed foe galloping his gallant white horse across the plains. To this day, the place is known by the name of McColloch's Leap."—From *The Winning of the West*, by Theodore Roosevelt, volume ii, pages 9, 10, Presidential Edition.

"I'll go this morning, on my way
To search those wild and savage haunts;
Perhaps good fortune will convey
The satisfaction of my wants:
There is no doubt, in my own mind,
But that among those tribes I'll find
My lovely one, so dear to me;
Who knows, but God? I'll go and see."

Algernon

"I pray, you do not go, my friend,
If you but wish to save your life;
To savage rage, there is no end,
When once they are embroiled in strife:
'Tis better, far, that you should live,
And all your enemies forgive,
Than go into their midst to be
The victim of their enmity.

"Their fury, like the hurricane
That uproots trees, if in its path,
Is merciless in its domain,
Resembling the day of wrath:
Stay now, I pray thee, do not go
To face the perilous Indian foe;
But save thy life, it is to thee
Thy treasure from the Almighty.

"Your daughter, you may never see;
She may be dead, for all you know;
Precious to you, though she may be,
I would not any farther go:
'Tis folly that you risk your life;
To go, means naught but bitter strife;
Come now, my friend, and be thou wise,
Heeding the word that I advise.

"Why not be reconciled to fate?

No one can ever hope to win
(Your search is hopelessly too great)

Except what fate designs to men:

Be reconciled, I bid you now,
And say, 'God willed it anyhow,
So I'll accept my direful fate;
These wilds, no more, I'll penetrate!' "

Patrick

"Although my search may endless be,

My task seem hopelessly too great,
I'll search through all eternity

To test the very will of fate:

And what care I for dangers, when
My own life-blood, by wicked men
Has been enslaved and borne away,
With greatest anguish and dismay?

"This morning I will go. God knows

The way I take. He, doubtless, will
Show boundless mercy unto those

Who live, His mandate to fulfill:

If ill befall me, I shall stand
Enrolled among the heroes grand,
Who give in sacrifice the life
That others, may with good, be rife.

"Nor will I then complain, if I

Should never realize my aim;
But when it comes my time to die,
I will have joy that I may claim
To have, for others, done my best;
Then I can trust to God the rest;
Assured that evermore He may
By grace my errors put away."

With this, he bade the man good-bye,
And bravely faced the wilderness;
His courage would all ill defy,
That he might Alethea bless:
So, after many months, he came
Unto those villages, whose fame
For evil deeds, he had been told,
Who bartered human scalps for gold.

'Twas evening when the red men saw
The white-faced man approaching them;
The word was given by a squaw
Who spread the news concerning him:
They gave the war-whoop and a yell,
Which every bravo knew, quite well,
Meant danger to the red man's cause,
And disregard for Indian laws.

From ambush came the Indians out;
Came out in groups of three or more;
What could the stranger be about?
What was the message which he bore?
Was he dispatched by evil men,
Some cause, iniquitous, to win?
Or, had he come a friendly man,
To e'er befriend the Indian?

About the man, by scores, they stood,
With tomahawk and spears in hand;
They questioned him as best they could,
Gesticulating each demand:
Their eyes were set on him, to see
If he showed signs of enmity;
And, freely, they discussed how they
Should treat their visitor, that day.

To some, prophetic in their tone,
The man, an evil spirit, showed;
No virtue could the stranger own,—
Misfortune, on him, was bestowed:
While others thought, perhaps, he came
With some great message to proclaim,—
Coming to tell of things unheard,
Dispatched, no doubt, by friendly bird.

Divided thus, concerning him,
To this, objectors did concede,
That he, a captive unto them,
Should be detained, till all agreed:
So, taking Patrick as their own,
He went a subject, there, alone,
Into the borders of their town,
Just as the sun was going down.

When fell the darkness of the night,
The village soon became aglow.
Leaping, the fiery flames of light,
Against the trees, began to show:
Patrick beheld, at every glance,
The varied forms of Indian dance;
Till he, though sorrowful his lot,
His heavy sorrows, most forgot.

They danced the war-dance, each in turn;
First, young men came, with leaps and whirls;
Then, danced the braves, with more concern;
Then, came the laughing boys and girls:
At last the squaws, each, danced her round;
Each, while she danced, hummed doleful sound;
Their merriment and great delight,
Continued, mostly, through the night.

When morning came, the council met;
The warriors gathered 'round their chief;
The prisoner, in their midst, was set,
To answer every charge and grief:
They, each, demanded he explain
The object he could hope to gain;
Or what had brought him unto them,—
He needs must answer, each, his whim.

Patrick

"The greatness of your tribe do I behold,
As in the midst, I stand, of warriors, bold;
For, any man, though limited he be,
By this assembly, may your greatness see.
And you, most honored chief, I now perceive,
Are worthy of the honors you receive.
Most bloody wars, relentlessly, you waged,
When, enemies your worthy name, outraged;
And bore unto your camp these trophies dear,—
Such trophies as the Indians revere.
No vicious beast that roams the woods for prey,
Would fare but ill, if challenging your way;
No panther, safely, could detect thy scent,
With greed and anger, then, pursue thy bent;
For ere it could assail you, you would throw
A piercing dart, and slay your deadly foe.
The rattle snake should fear thy onward tread;
Knowing that it would surely lose its head
And yield its skin, thine ornaments to make,—
Would, for thy charms, its noisy rattles take.
These mighty men, who with you, honors share,
Are Indians with more than talents rare;
This I behold by symbols which they wear.
Their foes have fallen by a mighty hand,
Whene'er, from thee, they have received command;

No tribe could show a semblance of the wise,
If it, on them, would try to make surprise.
But of your power, 'tis useless to explain;
Your power you know, moreover will retain;
And they are idle words which merely show
The glory of your braves; for this, you know.
But bear with me, a man of many flaws,
While I explain to you my humble cause.

"A few short years ago from o'er the sea
I came, a humble citizen to be,
Of this your goodly land where men
From cruel monarchs may their freedom win.
I covet naught that Indians possess;
No wrong have done that I should now confess.
A lovely maid I wedded when I came;
Corinna Godfrey was her Christian name;
We twain a humble homestead meekly sought;
To harm a soul was least of all our thought.
We found a place within the mountains' heart,
Where Industry bequeathed its humble start;
And, ere we knew, with diligence applied,
A lodge was ours upon the mountain side.
'Twas ours a friendly spirit there to show;
And others, hearing of us, wished to know
The secret of our happiness and weal;
Nor did we wish this secret to conceal.
So others came, with righteous motives bent,
And soon grew up a sturdy settlement.
We felled the trees and tilled the virgin soil;
Nor did we seek, your hunting ground to spoil;
For we believed in God, on whom we call,
Providing for us, made enough for all.
But Indians, from toward the wintry North,
Came with o'erwhelming power to send us forth;

But when they failed their aims to realize,
Another vicious plot did they devise.

"A bright and sunny morn, it was, in May,
When woodlands with the cheerful flowers were
gay,

That God bestowed on us a treasured gift,
That He, from us, might many burdens lift;
A lovely child, He added to our dower,
To keep us bright and cheerful every hour.
As seasons came and went, our infant grew
In stature, wisdom, and in beauty, too;
And all who knew her, thought it great delight;
For unto all, she seemed a favorite.

I cannot find sufficient words to speak
The worth of character, of traits unique,
Which she, though but a babe, possessed,—
She wore the marks and image of the Blessed.
Good fortune gave her health; but as a flower,
Nurtured by solar ray and summer shower,
Just as its time arrives in which to bloom,
Was plucked by wicked hands, a solemn doom!

"One summer afternoon, an Indian came,
A fearless brave, whom settlers claim
Was Little Foot—for swiftness was his fame—
And quickly bounding toward my humble lodge,
Seized our own babe; then he began to dodge
From tree to tree until he came at last
Where deep wood had its heavy shadows cast;
Then, leaping on a waiting pony's back,
He wheeled the nag upon the narrow track,
And with my child he quickly sped away,
Regardless of her fright or our dismay.
Years I have wandered, wandered far away,
In quest of her, so I am here to-day.

Sirs, I beseech you now to hear my cause,—
A human though I am, with many flaws,
Yet, I am not opposed to Indian laws.

“You love your lodges and your hunting ground;
The rustling of the leaves, and more, the sound
Of wailing wind which whistles though the
trees,—

Delightful unto you, are each of these.
’Tis joy thy quiver and thy bow to take
And for a while thy humble lodge forsake;
And go, without a tremble or a fear,
To slay the grizzly bear and antlered deer,—
Returning then with joy thine own to cheer.
But if your braves, perchance, were all away,
An enemy should come, your family slay,
Or steal your little ones, would you not think
That such would be a bitter cup to drink?
These crimes, which set your own revenge aflame,
When perpetrated in a white man’s name,
The Indians did me that wicked deed;
And I for justice, here, before you plead.”

The chief, a giant brave of stately build,
Whose sinewy arm had many a victim killed,
Arose with great composure and a grin,
Which seemed to veil a vile intent within.
With warriors all about at his command,
He stood erect, with tomahawk in hand;
He also clutched a bow; and at his side,
A pocket swung with arrows well supplied.
Turning about, he looked upon his men
As if he would command a deadly sin;
But when he spoke, he said, “My warriors brave,
What shall we do unto this lying knave?”

If he were true, each warrior, I am sure,
Would gladly help the man his child secure;
For we despise such wrong as he relates,
And such it is that our revenge creates.
What say you, braves? the judgment you allow,
We will mete out,—what say you anyhow?"

The oldest brave rose and said, "You see,
Sachem, though lying knave the man may be,
We cannot tell; for not a single word
From Ornis have these Indians yet heard;
Let us defer the judgment now, I pray,
And then decide his fate another day."

Months passed along before the council met,
But finally their judgment day was set;
(Impatiently did Patrick wait the while,
As prisoners must await their day of trial)
But when they brought their captive forth again
And set him in their midst, with words profane,
They summoned him to state again his cause,
To judge if he had not transgressed their laws.

As Patrick looked upon his captors there,
His countenance showed marks of grave despair;
For he had heard an Indian girl relate
What they had planned to be his woeful fate.
The boldest tribes, now summoned from afar,
As if to wage on multitudes a war,
Were present, mailed with tomahawk and bow,—
As if they came to slay a deadly foe.
The brave and surly Twightwee chiefs were
there;
And Pottawattamies, with boldness rare;
The Weas—from the Wabash they had come—
Were all inflamed with fire-water and rum.

Piankashaws and Shockneys, too, stood round;
And Shawnees showed their interest profound.

But Patrick now recalled the urgent word
Corinna gave when suddenly they heard
A voice unearthly giving fiendish yell;
And saw approaching them from wooded dell,
A bloody form that gave them such alarm,
Because they thought he meant to do them harm.
Now to himself he said, "Truth cannot fail,
So I shall o'er this fiendish mob prevail;
For I have not an ill demeanor showed,
Nor have I ill on any one bestowed.
Whoever trusts in Truth, doth trust aright,
Nor will such in an evil deed delight;
And though they fall beneath a mighty rod,
They shall at last prevail through strength of
God."

Forth came some ruthless Indians and bound
The hands and feet of Patrick. On the ground,
(Still was his faith unfailing) he was laid,
Until the fatal blow should be conveyed.
Around him stood in circle thus designed,
The savage tribes to murder all resigned.

When who should strike the deadly blow was
asked,
Then two strong forms with mental frame un-
masked,
Stepped in the large arena with a pride,
That from them fatal strength might be supplied.
One tossed a heavy war-club in the air;
The other caught it, with an aptness rare;
So juggled they until the lot they saw
Fell clearly to the burly Chickasaw.

He took the weapon with demeanor proud;
While his admirers cheered and cheered aloud;
Then took his place near where the victim laid
To wait until the deadly sign was made.

Before the word was spoken, quick as thought,
A miracle by Ornis there was wrought.
Two birds came, as from lightning flashed;
And, swinging low, just over Patrick dashed;
Then Princess Wattawassa, Morning Star,
Cried, "Indians, a message from afar!
Withhold the fatal stroke until I bring
The meaning of these messengers of wing."

On came the Indian princess, with a bound,
To where the captive lay upon the ground;
And there explained in native Indian tongue
The meaning of the flight, to old and young.
The first that flitted over Patrick's head
Was Turtle Dove, so all the Indians said;
The second bird, which o'er his body flew,
Was one portending ill, and this all knew.
She said if they should take his life away,
Their dove of peace, would leave that very day;
And ravens then would o'er their bodies fly;
For it would be their certain fate to die;
Then, with her queenly hands, the maid untied
The cords which bound the victim at her side.
Patrick arose and with a graceful air
Expressed his thanks unto the princess fair,
And bowed unto the disappointed crowd;
Responded they, by cheering him aloud.
The pipe of peace they brought and gave to him;
He drew a whiff, returned it unto them;
A belt of wampum now from them received;
Thus, from their horrid curse, he was relieved.

Henceforth he sought, among their tribes afar,
For little Alethea. Morning Star,
The Indian princess, firmly did declare
That still was living Alethea fair.
She claimed that Ornis gave to her the word;
That words of Ornis might with joy be heard;
For never yet, was disappointment known,
If those commissioned, truly, were her own.
So Patrick sought, for years, with full intent,
To test the message by a wood nymph sent.

CANTO IV

INTRODUCTION

WHAT shall we give as just return
For that for which we do not yearn?—
For unkind words, for evil deeds,
For such as soul life never needs?
Must we give evil in return?
Should our own hearts with evil burn,
Desiring that we may convey,
(To those who give us ill to-day)
The treatment stamped as their own coin?—
Will such an act diverse hearts join?
Nay! Good and ill cannot be joined
By deeds which wicked brains have coined;
But if you would unite them still,
You may—by giving good for ill;
For such an act as this, you see,
Is of the Man of Galilee.*

THE NEW MOTIVE

THROUGHOUT the northwest search was made;
From the Ohio, he surveyed
The country northward till began
The coast-line of Lake Michigan.
Thence westward, toward the Illinois;
Thence eastward, where the Iroquois,
With allied tribes, had formed a band,
Invincible, to guard their land

*Matthew v. 38-47; Romans xii. 19-21.

'Gainst the intruding pale-faced foe,
(A swelling tide that would o'erflow
The land and drive the red men out,—
Of this, each Indian had no doubt)
But all in vain, for he had not
Heard from her since the Huguenot,
Algernon, told him of the chief,
Who sought aid for the wicked thief.
At last, though hopeful, he returned
Unto his home; which yet concerned
His anxious heart, although had passed
Almost two decades since he last
Had cast his eyes upon the spot,
The sacred place was not forgot.
True, sorrowful it was to trace
His homeward steps without the grace
Of Alethea's presence; yet,
His anxious soul could not forget
That spirit—kindred to his own,
Which waited anxiously alone—
Whose eyes were moist with bitter tears,
While waiting patiently the years
For his return, with joyful pride,
With Alethea by his side.
No doubt Corinna oft had dreamed
Of their return; and, it had seemed
So real to her that she would look
To see them cross the little brook
Which ran across the trail that led
To what was once their happy stead.

The nearer to his mountain home,
More anxious did the man become;
And, for the time, he cast aside
The sorrow that his joy and pride

Had not been found, and, tried to call
To mind his neighbors, one and all.
He tried to see them in the field;
He thought of the abundant yield
The soil had given every year,
And, of the farm he thought to clear;
But, most of all, his turn of mind
Was toward Corinna, true and kind.
How happy would their meeting be,
When they each other's face should see!
And surely she could not complain
That he had failed their prize to gain;
For he had not spared any cost
Trying to gain what they had lost.
So, as to mind such scenes were brought,
His steps were quickened by his thought.

'Twas late in Spring when Patrick came
Again unto his humble claim.
As he approached the sacred scenes,
Trudging through hollows and ravines,
Cherishing thoughts to him so fond,
The frogs sang to him from each pond.
He reached the summit of the hill;
Beheld, some distance onward, still,
The settlement which bore his name,
Where he was first to enter claim.
He paused a moment there to view
The scenes which seemed to him so new;
For scarcely could he realize
That now, before his feasting eyes,
Were views he, formerly, had known,—
Such joy he hardly dared to own.
So many plots to farms had grown!
And houses stood, to him, unknown!

And, farther yet, on sloping hill,
Some settlers were clearing, still.
Beyond, was mellow soil upturned ;
And there, also, the log heaps burned ;
While in adjoining fields the swain
Were scattering their seeds of grain.

Patrick then turned and gazed about
To see if he could single out
(Though almost certain that he could)
The place where his own dwelling stood.
He saw there many clumps of trees,
Their branches waving in the breeze ;
And, there were many dwellings there ;
But, could not see his any where.
Not far away, he saw the brook
Where baby Alethea took
Her water pail and little cup
To dip its limpid treasure up—
When she in infancy was free ;
A little tot, of summers, three.
Upon the side of yonder hill
He saw the path, as winding still,
As was the trail which they had made
When first that mountain they surveyed.
Ne'er from his soul could time erase
The precious memories of the place ;
For lingered they upon his mind,
As treasures of the rarest kind ;—
Treasures with which he would not part,
But which he kept within his heart,
As would a miser ever hold,
Within his secret vaults, his gold ;
For they to him brought constant joy,
Nor did their presence e'er annoy.

No longer could the man delay;
Sorrow, it seemed, had ebbed away
Before the joy, that soon, he should
Enter, once more, his neighborhood,
(Which now before his vision stands)
And shake his friends' and neighbors' hands.
So often had he met them there;
They had enjoyed a friendship rare;
Now should it be his to behold
The faces to him known of old!

Yet, once again, the father paused;
Now, was a bit of sorrow caused;
For as he crossed the little dell,
The place was recognized quite well,
As where his foe mounted the steed
And rode away, with lightning speed,
Clasping his child with wicked arms,
While her loud screams gave great alarms.
When this dark place again he spied,
Smitten with grief the father cried.
"But, 'tis no use," he said, "I'll go
To see the friends I used to know;
And still will I in God confide,
That I will find my joy and pride."

At last he gained the path which led
Unto what was their happy stead;
Then in a little while the sight
Of home brought to him great delight.
For yonder his own dwelling stood,
Which he had built when native wood
And underbrush grew all around—
When they began to clear the ground.
None could express his joy supreme;
It overflowed like mountain stream,

When melting snow and April rain
Fills all the channels up again;
For as the door swung open wide,
He saw a moving form inside.
Corinna, shortly, he would see!
What joy again at home to be!
"While some may find it joy to roam,
My greatest pleasure is at home,"—
Said Patrick as he trod upon
The edge of his own grassy lawn.

When Patrick stepped before the door,
And, calmly, made his presence known,
(Expecting greeting as of yore)
He saw a spouse, but not his own;
Nor had she ever recognized
The man, who seemed so much surprised.
Then fell the good man's countenance;
Yet he looked upward with a glance,
And queried, "If you're pleased to tell,
Where does Corinna Heaman dwell?"
She answered not, but by his side
Another stood that now replied:—
"Are you her husband? Man!" she said,
"We verily thought that you were dead!—
Are you the man who rode away,
With broken heart and grave dismay,
Into the forest dense and wild,
Seeking to gain your stolen child?
What sorrow came to us that hour!
How terrible the devil's power,
That none could such ill fate prevent,
Though all did mightily resent!"

By this the word was noised about
That Patrick Heaman stood without;

And neighbors gathered unto him
Whose fate was mystery to them.
A hearty greeting now they gave,
Inquiring if he did not save
His little one; yet, it was plain
That he alone had come again.
Some greeted him and to him gave
A look as if they thought the grave
Had yielded up its dead; for there
Before them stood a specimen
Of saint, long-dead, or holy man,
Whose ever spotless character
Had merited a treatment thus,
As did the sainted Lazarus.

"Please, friends, where is my wife,
The counterpart of my own life?
I gladly recognize you all,
But, see my wife, not here at all.
Hath some misfortune overtook
Her, since departing o'er this brook,
I rambled far throughout the wild,
Striving to save my little child?
Come, friends," said Patrick, "do relate
To me what is Corinna's fate."
Amazed!—the neighbors looked aghast!
Inquiring, "Have you not the last
Reports of how the Indians came,
Trying to take from us our claim?"
Then proceeded they to state
To Patrick what had been their fate.

They told him of a dreadful war;
Of what their foes contended for;
Of how the allies came to fight
Against the faithful Pennamite.

Of Indians and Tories, stout,
Who sought to drive the settlers out,
While many men from home had gone
To carry the Revolution on,
Against the young, demented king,
Who, grave oppression, sought to bring.
Of how the allies gathered 'round
Old Forty Fort; and, how the sound
Of musketry did loudly roar,
And terror brought to those in door;
Of how the terms of peace were signed;
How Tories left; while yet behind
The Indians lagged—refused to go
Though Tories thus commanded so—
Until they ruthlessly, outright,
Slew many colonists that night;
While others, struggling for breath,
Met fatal doom in Shades of Death.
From thenceforth, no one ever yet
Has known the fate Corinna met.

“Maybe she sleeps in unknown grave;
Or, she may be an abject slave;
For many, thus, were borne away,
Returning not, unto this day.
O Sir, a dreadful time it was,
When savage hordes assailed our cause—
The cause of freedom which we claim
Belongs to us in Mercy's name!”—
Thus did his erstwhile friends relate
All known of poor Corinna's fate.

Choked with emotion, Patrick fell
Upon his knees, as if from hell
A fiendish dart had pierced his soul
To bring it to a fatal goal.

He sighed, he groaned, he cried aloud—
(That manly man, there, once so proud
Of his possessions, home, and child,
Of his dear wife, Corinna, mild)
“O God, let mercy be my part;
For truly I have broken heart!
Throughout these years of trials, sore,
My barque, my hope, has glided o’er
Discouragement of sorest kind,
That I might Alethea find!
But while I roved through wilds afar,
Where bitterest of foemen are,
Seeking mine own, by Thyself given,
Which made our cot seem like a heaven,
Some ruthless tribes came with their might,
Destroyed my last, my all, outright!
O God, my Heavenly Father, all
My faith, my trust must surely fall
Except Thou bring’st to me this hour
The balm of Thine own healing power.”

While Patrick prayed, the neighbors wept.
It seemed that Heaven silence kept;
That angels, playing golden harp,
Hearing his grievous accents, sharp,
Ceased playing, looked, that they might see
The cause of his great agony;
And, hearing his appeals arise,
The tear-drops started from their eyes.

The neighbors’ homes, opened for him,
He for a while sojourned with them.
They bade him comfort find till he
Decided what his course should be.
Erelong his many friends besought
That he should execute their thought;

For they at heart were now enflamed
That Justice had been so defamed.
"We'll rally our recruits and go,"
Said they, "with you to slay our foe.
You know the trails which lead afar,
To where our dreadful foemen are;
You know their haunts and habits well,
We'll drive them to the brink of hell,
Until we get revenge for what
They've made to be your dreadful lot.
They've slain our neighbors on this spot;
Such crimes will never be forgot.
We never can be reconciled,
Nor let our hearts be tempered, mild,
Till Vengeance justly claims its own
By stabbing Vice upon its throne.
As Julius Caesar, known of old,
Received his wounds from traitors, bold,
So every treacherous red man's rage
Should reap its bloody heritage.
Come now, do thou our captain be;
Through bloody strife we'll follow thee,
Until our country—loved so well—
Will sound the Indians' funeral knell."

They said, "To-morrow we'll begin
To mobilize our countrymen;
Until an army we create
Which will our foe exterminate.
No longer must this virgin land
Be swayed by savage Indian band;
Intelligence must not give way
To pagan darkness and dismay.
We'll gather our recruits and go
With you to slay our deadly foe."

No rest did Patrick get that night.
What could be done? were his friends right
In wishing to exterminate
A type of man God did create?
To seek revenge for all his loss,
Would that be honor to the Cross
Of Christ, who prayed on Calvary
That wicked men should mercy see?
If he should lead a hostile band,
Giving to them fatal command,
Would he an approbation hear
Which would o'erflow his heart with cheer?
Could such come from the Blessed Son?
Saying to him, "Well done, well done!"

When sleep came over Patrick's soul,
An angel to his bedside stole
And whispered, softly, in his ear
That inner consciousness might hear.
Softly these words the angel said:
"Hear me! Corinna is not dead,
Nor is thy child which you have sought,
Although your efforts seem as naught.
These zealous neighbors of your own
Are being swayed by power unknown;
For none can evil recourse take,
Without they righteousness forsake.
Give ye no heed to what they say;
Permit me lead you in the way."

And Patrick's soul replied, "Lead on;
Darkness must end and day must dawn,
If you, bright angel, take delight
In leading all my steps aright.
I'll follow thee; be thou my guide;
For in thee will I now confide;

And perfect rest shall fill my brain,
Till all my loss I shall regain;
For thine own leadership shall be
A constant comfort unto me."

While Patrick spake in realm of dream,
The angel listened with a gleam
Upon its consciousness that showed
Reward, that it had there bestowed
A favor on a broken heart,
From which it seemed life would depart.
It saw the cheerfulness rebound;
From Patrick's heart, it heard the sound
Of beat triumphant. In his face
Encouragement again took place.

Then spake the apparition more,
"I'll bring to him the scenes of yore,
That he shall not fall in despair
And never more such glory share."
Then suddenly,—as quick as thought,—
The angel, there, Corinna brought
To Patrick's mind, and there before
Him, stood the charming bride of yore.
In happiness they were restored;
Their days of sorrow were ignored
As but a dream; for quickly there,
Stood Alethea bright and fair.
Each other, now, they recognized;
True pleasure, there, was realized;
For with each other they conversed;
Their joys and sorrows were rehearsed;
But grateful were they that, at last,
Their sorrowful events had passed;
And now, once more, they stood beside
Each other with most grateful pride.

How clear to each the other seemed!
Familiar voices, eyes that beamed
With radiance and beauty, far
Excelling that of evening star.
How quickly all had been restored,
When Heaven's joys upon them poured!
For sorrows all had quickly fled,
And bliss supplanted them instead.

The angel said, "Too bad it seems
To wake him from the land of dreams;
But morning dawns and break of day
Will cause me, soon, to haste away.
Yet, ere I go, I must reveal
To him what evil would conceal."
From its celestial robe it drew
A wand of peace, burnished and new;
With which a wave, of angel kind,
The scene departed from his mind.
The angel then a censer brought,—
A golden censer,—quick as thought
The fumes of pure celestial brand,
Ascending from the angel's hand,
Filled all the room where Patrick slept—
Where angels their dominion kept.

When these the sleeping man inhaled,
Another magic scene prevailed;
"Hear now! this view is kept unknown;
To Patrick, 'tis revealed, alone;
To give him aid and lead him on
As soon as e'er the day shall dawn.
Although he will not then recall
The scenes he witnessed, one and all,
Yet, as his future years unfold,
This dream, forgotten, will be told"—

So said the angel; then, a ray
Of sunlight flashed the dawn of day;
When, quickly, fled the Vision on
More swiftly than the morning's dawn.

Patrick awoke then to behold
The morning beauties, manifold.
The freshness of the morning air;
The flood of mellow sunlight fair;
And gleeful birds with morning song,
To pipe their gladness all day long.
Dame nature worshipped with delight
At the return of morning light;
And Patrick felt refreshed and sound;
Admired the gladness all around;
Then to his Lord he gave extol
For such bestowment on the soul.

Before the sun ascended high,
While yet it hung in morning sky,
Two friends were witnessed drawing near,
(With beaming countenances, clear)
Each riding on a snow-white steed,
Not slow, not fast, but modest speed;
And, adding strangeness to the scene,
Another steed, there was, between,
Snow-white as those they rode upon,
But this, no one, was riding on.
Great pleasure, now, each rider showed.
As they met Patrick in the road,
Each drew the rein and bade him tell
If he were faring ill or well;
And each declared it joy to be
Where they, once more, his face might see.

Said Patrick, "Pray, where do you go?
If it be well that I should know,
What may your very mission be?—
If you are pleased, tell it to me."
"We seek your presence, friend," said they,
"As escorts we were sent to-day,
That we may guide you and impart
What you should treasure in your heart.
And this white steed which here you see,
Was sent with us thine own to be;
So be thou mounted here upon
And we will calmly journey on.
As onward we will slowly ride,
Our thoughts to you we will confide."

The steed was mounted then, and they,
On three white horses, rode away.
As they went slowly through the town
Of Heaman, many friends around
Saw Patrick, and he bowed to them;
Their greeting was returned to him;
Yet, him they recognized, alone;
The others, few had slightly known,
But neither now were recognized;
For, whom they met, were more surprised;
Remarking, as they saw them go
Along, on horses white as snow,
That truly it were fortune, rare,
To own such steeds, as they saw there.

Steadily west the horsemen rode.
The horses great ambition showed,
Tossing their heads into the air,
Prancing as if disposed to rare.
As long as any one could see
The riders and white horses, three,

The people watched, from every side,
The horsemen ride with graceful pride.
The town folk wondered at the view;
For Patrick's friends, to them, were new;
Nor at their best, could they recall
That they had seen them, late, at all.
And whither now the strangers aimed,
Was greater mystery they claimed;
Yet, no excitement was disclosed;
For all saw Patrick was composed.

When passed the riders from the view
Of other people whom they knew,
Each slightly checked his horse's pace,
(Although they rode with no less grace)
That they might talk with each in turn,
Of matters now of deep concern.
Spake first the one upon the right;
And Patrick listened with delight,
While he expounded, in the main,
What Love holds dear in its domain.
"Love suffers long," the right one said,
"And never is by evil led;
And, when for others it may do
An act of kindness, it is true
To its own nature; for it will
Return in kindness good for ill.
No evil will it think at all;
Will e'er respond to Mercy's call;
And, ever gives in sacrifice
That others, by its loss, may rise.
It seeks, for others, wholesome end;
For enemies as well as friend;
Makes no distinction toward the one
Who would the good or evil shun.

Such is the character of Love
Commissioned from the Throne above;
And such it will forever be
Through time and all eternity;
For from the first, 'twas thus ordained,
And ever thus, it has remained.
Let Love abide within you now;
No evil will you then allow
To be the master of your soul,
While striving to attain the goal
Of soul perfection, on the way
Of life, which leads to perfect day."

Then answered Patrick, "If you will
But answer me, you will fulfill
My joy and give to me an aid,
Thus, help me evil to evade.
Pray, must I work no ill toward those
Whose dastard deeds only disclose
The venom of a heathen brain
Which works but wicked ends to gain?
Come, good man, what have you to say?—
What answer do you now convey?
What attitude must I assume
Toward enemies and still have room
For Christ, that He may yet control
The sacred destinies of soul?"
"May I," continued he, "disdain
My evil doers and remain
In fellowship with Christ who gave
Himself, this blighted world to save?
I would not take a step amiss,
Theophilus, good friend, of this
I question you that now I may
Keep my soul in the perfect way.

Your answer to me give and, here,
Your answer shall have my revere."

Theophilus gave quick reply,
"We are good friends, both you and I:
You are a seeker of the Truth,
And have been since the days of youth;
While I, wherever I have trod,
Have felt a burning love for God.
Both love and truth are tested, tried;
Therefore, in each we will confide;
For since in love and truth we blend,
We thus are welded, friend with friend.
Hear me and I will answer you;
Correctly will I answer too;
For as the seed brings forth its kind,
(And never does it fail to mind
The laws of Nature) thus, I'll give
An answer that your soul may live
In righteousness, and yet hold sway
O'er evil till the perfect day
Has dawned. To those who with despite
Have used you, keep yourself aright
By giving good to them for ill;
This will the law of love fulfill.
Remember thou how it was said
(By Him whose word has raised the dead)
'Your enemies you must not hate,
Or you will meet an evil fate;
But love them truly and forgive
Their unkind deeds, then, you will live.'
Our Father, who forever lives,
His enemies freely forgives;
And lest, toward ours, we do the same,
We cannot His forgiveness claim."

Then Justin, from the left side, spoke,
Saying to him, "Since man awoke
To consciousness in Eden's state,
His lot has been a checkered fate.
None, save the Christ, has, since the Fall,
Proved sinless, no! but one and all
Have sinned and missed the sacred mark;
Therefore have wandered in the dark.
More, it is only by the grace
Of Him who suffered in our place,
That we are saved, or that we be
Forever from our sins set free.
So true it is with every one
And has been true, since time begun."

"Withal," continued Justin thus,
"Justice was not measured to us;
For, if to justice we must bow,
None ever could be spared; for how
Could sinful man, with pure demerit,
The virtues of our Lord inherit?
Nay! 'tis not justice, but its place
Is filled with everlasting grace.
We must be merciful with those
Who, toward us, ill intent disclose."

"Thank you, my friends, your words, so kind,
I'll store as treasures in my mind.
I'll fold them closely to my heart,
That, of my life, they'll be a part.
More, I will bind them on my hands
Where they shall make urgent commands;
And, always, shall my soul arise;
They'll be 'as frontlets' 'fore mine eyes.
Thanks for your words and, surely, I,
To be obedient, will try.

I'll strive to do as you have said,
And by these principles be led,"—
Said Patrick to the gentlemen,—
"Who follows love and truth, must win."

"Do thou obey," they each replied,
"We will be, ever, at thy side
To give you aid, to make you strong
To do the right instead of wrong."
Theophilus continued, "We
Possess omnipotence, you see,
To make you seem as if alone,
Or, render our appearance known,
At your own pleasure; but, we still
Will tarry with you, if you will
That we shall do so, and proceed
That we may, in your pathway, lead."
'Tis thus their dialogue goes on
Till many days have come and gone.

"But what is this which now I hear?
My friends, stop! listen! do you fear
Ill apprehensions which arise
So quickly as to bring surprise?
Hark! 'tis the sound of horses' feet!
A robber band, I dare repeat!"—
Said Patrick as they moved along,
Anticipating, now, some wrong.
The three stopped instantly to look;
When, suddenly, across the brook,
There came a noisy Indian rout,
Savage within, frightful without,
Speedily riding up the hill,
As if they had intent to kill.
Both, Patrick's friends, now disappeared,
As if, the savage troops, they feared;

But, Patrick drew his steed aside
To let the rabble onward ride.

Their leader's well-trained, cunning eye
Did, suddenly, the good man spy;
And, drawing tightly on the rein,
Summoned his troops to halt amain.
"See here," said he in native tongue,
Addressing them, both old and young,
"This white man waits in ambuscade,
That he may our demands evade.
Bind him hand and foot," said he,
"And let him our own captive be!"

Each brave dismounted quickly; and,
The foremost seized him by the hand,
Drawing him from his snow-white steed;
They bound his body with a reed.
With hands and feet both closely wound,
They quickly raised him from the ground,
And him upon a horse they tied
And galloped off with haughty pride—
Giving to him no chance to speak
That, his own welfare, he might seek.

As victors, on they rode until
The sun had sunk behind the hill,
And cast its shadows o'er the plain
Which they regarded their domain.
Their wigwams, in disorder, stood
In meadows, near the tangled wood;
And thither, great and small had come
To welcome the brave warriors home,
Who late had gone with great display,
To drive the white men far away;
Thenceforth, on their possessions, prey.

Me-ché-can-nóch-quá, the great chief
Of all the tribes, who no relief
To any white captive had given,
But many, had to sorrow driven,
Richly attired with shells and beads,
Denoting his courageous deeds,
Came forth, attended by his men,
To see them bring their captive in.

Holding aloft a poisoned arrow,
He bade the captors all good morrow;
Declaring that the red man's story
Would brighten by their future glory,—
That this brave deed, which they had done,
Would prove a worthy victory won;
For, by the sample they would make
Of this lone captive, for the sake
Of red men, verily they would—
By all white men—be understood.
So, summoning, they loosed the bands
Which bound the good man's feet and hands,
And, roughly, took him from his horse,
Pursuant to their final course.

"Hear me! pray, hear!" the captive cried,
"Till I, my story, have supplied;
Then, if you see not fit to show
To me your mercy, you may go
And measure to me full extent
Of what may be your wrathful bent,—
Give ear, brave warrior, now, I pray,
And list to what I have to say!"

These words of Patrick were ignored;
With venom were the Indians stored;

For, as he spake, their eyes enflamed
With hatred, such as none have named.
Then, stooped Me-che-can-noch-quā, and
With turf, he filled his rusty hand,
Turning to Patrick (toward the south)
He crammed the dirt into his mouth,
Exclaiming, as he did the act,
"You white men would more land exact;
So, by the strength of my own hand,
I'll give you land—all you can stand!"
Commanding, then, his warriors, bold,
That on their captive they lay hold,
And him, across the river, take,
Where they would burn him at the stake.
His hands, behind him, closely bound,
They drove him onward, through the grass,
While their death yells did, loudly, sound,
Nocturnal howlings to surpass.

"Be kind to them?—I will!"—thought he
As he marched toward his destiny—
"They've stolen my beloved child,
Concealed her in the forest, wild;
Perhaps enslaved her, or, may be,
Her little form may rest, you see,
(In case she's not an abject slave)
In some secluded Indian grave,
A lonely spot, along some stream,
While rests her soul in blissful dream.
My good wife, sorrowful, alone,
They've slain or borne to parts unknown;
And what must be my final lot,
God knows alone, I know it not;
But this I know, (let angels be
Witness in eternity)

Be torture mine, them, I will love;
If death be mine, them, I'll forgive."

The party reached the river's brim,
Where, two fierce warriors seized on him,
And straightway led him through the stream,
Where depth made it most perilous seem.
Suspicion, grave, within him, stirred;
(Though he must utter not a word,)
From what he saw while glancing 'round,
He thought his doom would be to drown;
But, finally, with grace supplied,
They reached the river's other side,
Where their great Indian village stood,
Concealed amidst the tangled wood;
And where, it added to their joys,
To torture him by Indian boys.

When they had made of him much sport,
They brought him to the fatal court;
Where fagots, gathered in a pile,
Had been arranged in Indian style;
While, all around, a multitude
Awaited with much gratitude,
That they, among the hosts, found room
To witness Patrick's final doom.

"To whom shall all this honor be,—
Of binding this our enemy?—
Of tying him unto the stake
That we an offering may make
Unto the wind—unto the sky,
Whereinto his soul shall fly
A disembodied spirit, to be
A wanderer through eternity?"

These words an Indian warrior cried.
Mechecannochque, then, replied,
"To me! this offering I'll make—
I'll tie the man unto the stake.
Dismantle him. Let him be brought
To me—I'll tie him quick as thought;
Then, I'll apply the fatal torch,
That furies may, this demon, scorch,—
As chief of all the tribes, you see,
This honor rare belongs to me."

Two hardy braves proceeded there,
To fill the mandate of despair;
And violently they with haste,
Disrobed the man about his waist;
When, suddenly, the chieftain's eye
Did, there, a belt of wampum spy.
"Halt, Indians," the sachem said,
"Until this wampum belt be read.
May be some message we should know
Before our fury we bestow.
Untie his belt. Let it be brought
With greatest care, and let the thought
Of it be brought unto the light,
That we may see if we are right!"
Then, with timidity, they bore
To him the belt their victim wore.
Their prophets crowded closely 'round
To see what mystery was found;
Each wondering if grave despair
Awaited for their conduct there.

"Let the interpreter be brought,"
Me-che-can-noch-qua said, "the thought

This sacred belt contains, we must
Without an error, understand
Ere we shall give further command,—
We cannot break a sacred trust!"

Their wise man came. He, like King Saul,
Stood head and shoulders above all;
For, unto them, his giant size
Accounted for his being wise.
Over the wampum belt he glanced
And, instantly, its thought advanced.
"Hear ye!" he said, "ye mortals brave,
Let mortal silence of the grave
Pervade this whole assembly, till
I read to you this sacred will."

The Indian read: "Ye Braves, beware
What judgment, you, perchance, declare!
For this good man, as you may learn,
Will prove a friend of great concern.
He has been firmly tested, tried;
Had he been vile, he should have died;
But he has been divinely screened
From death; for Ornis intervened.
We, therefore, to him, pledges give
That he, with treatment kind, shall live,—
That he shall be among us free,
Indulging in our liberty.
Let evil hurriedly befall

The tribe that shall this treaty break;
Let the Great Spirit, over all,

Witness the pledges which we make;
Let furies, with their judgments, rise
'Gainst those who toward him ill devise."

The Sachem shouted, "He is free!
The judgment falls on you and me!

For we have broken terms of peace;
Warriors, make haste, this man release!
Unrighteously with him we've dealt,
Give back to him his wampum belt.
Explain to him and beg his peace,
That ill, toward us, may not increase.

"Our totem has been sore disgraced;
Fidelity must be replaced;
For the Great Spirit, over all,
Will let disaster on us fall.
'Tis better that a few should grieve,
Than all, chastisement, should receive;
So be it ours, on whom is guilt,
That our own blood be bravely spilt,—
Atoning for the crime, that we
Have broken our fidelity.
Come, braves, who have a guilty hand,
Henceforth, obey you my command—
Come now, be brave, and let us be
Dispatched, to show fidelity!
Come forth, brave warriors, be aligned,
Show courage of the rarest kind!
For, if we die not, there will fall
Some pestilence on Indians, all!
Step forward—to your fate subscribe,
And let us die to save our tribe!"

Four Indians sprang into line,
Shouting loudly that it was fine
To sacrifice their sacred breath,
To save from universal death!
Accoutrement placed at their feet,
Each did some orison repeat.
Standing before them, in a row,
Were five braves, each, with fatal bow;

While Patrick stepped aside, apace,
To watch the tragedy take place;
To give, also, the fatal sign;
That their atonement be complete,
The mortal word, he must repeat,
To show the Indians benign;
For thus, Me-che-can-noch-qua willed,
He and his party should be killed.

Such death groans as resounded there!
For all the tribes were in despair.
Their Totem, Ornis, was disgraced;
Tribal dishonor must be erased;
With assent, one and all, must bow,—
Each must, this sacrifice, allow.
The Indian braves were all bent low
That they, true penitence, might show.
The Indian maidens, sitting without
The inner circle, faced about,
Each, with her kirtle o'er her head,
Lest she should hear the word be said.
Me-che-can-noch-qua's squaw was there,
With her papooses—all were there—
And, lest the sight her brain should rack,
The mother turned, toward them, her back;
To save her children from the scene,
She held a bear-skin for a screen.

Patrick exclaimed: "Ye men, you know
(Each warrior leveled, now, his bow)
That you, in justice, here, may die;
For this you've judged: that even I
Whom you have treated ill, should make
The fatal sign for these to take
Away your lives, and thus, restore
Your peace with Ornis evermore.

I need not state unto your own
Why such befalls you—it is known;
For all, before you, penitently, lie
Awaiting me to summons you to die!
So far as justice is concerned,
'Tis only due; for you have spurned
My humble plea that you should heed
My word, that I might intercede
Pleading mine own, that I might live;
But, listening ear, you would not give.
The mortal word that you should hear,
Shall never fall upon your ear;
Nor will your own, which now before you lie,
Hear me command, to these, that you shall die.
Though evil does its own repay
With its own coin, without delay
Would it return unto its own
Revengeful verdict from its throne;
Yet will I not, but I'll forgive,
Commanding these to let you live.
Ye soldiers, brave, down with the bow!
'Tis good for evil I bestow,—
Let Mercy, now, your gods appease;
For I show mercy unto these!"

Me-che-can-noch-qua now bent low,
That he, true gratitude, might show;
Thence, quickly rising, said to all:
"Ye Indians, to each I call,
That you give adoration now;
For all must, to this good man, bow!"
Hastily each brave arose
That they might gratitude disclose;
And, coming forward, each fell down
Before the man of true renown.

The maidens came and recognized
The man who had their tribes surprised;
For none of them had ever known
Whom good for evil deeds had shown;
So, at his feet, each dropped a fern
That they might gratitude return.

Then came Me-che-can-noch-qua's squaw
To recognize the man whose law,
Of true forgiveness, took the place
Of stern revenge, and put away
The fear of further malady.
Upon her knees, the woman fell,
Wishing her thankfulness to tell;
Lest her objective she should miss,
She planted on his hand a kiss.

Now, once again, the Sachem came,
To show the man his rightful claim
Of reverence, he to him said:
"White man, my daughter, you must wed.
If you desire, this princess, mine,
I'll give her ever to be thine."
But Patrick bowed, and shook his head,
That he would not the princess wed.

CANTO V

INTRODUCTION

FAITH does not fail to reach its goal;
Nor to reward the worthy soul,
Providing it will keep its eyes
On that which proves a worthy prize.

Though Time may seem to interfere,
And cause delay for many a year,
Yet, unto those who watch the mark
The blessed time (however dark
The hour may seem) will come a day
When all the clouds will fade away.
Then, all the paths will plainer seem,
Because the rays of sunlight stream
Upon them, making every mile
Seem easier the blessed while.
Then, ere you know, will be obtained
The end you sought; you will have gained,
At last, the ever-valued prize,
On which have gazed your longing eyes,—
When difficulties traveled o'er
Will seem a phantom, nothing more.
Then, Soul, go forward to the end—
Make Faith, to you, a special friend;—
Go forward with determined mind
Fixed on the pearl you wish to find;
And Faith will never fail, but will
Your deepest cup, with joy, fulfill.

THE REWARD

"WHAT may we do," the Chieftain said,
"If you will not my daughter wed,
In due regard for that you give
To us—unworthy—right to live?"
Then Patrick answered, "Give to me
A listening ear and an eye to see,
A heart of compassion, a will to behold
The wonderful message I have to unfold;
And I will feel most graciously paid
For whatever favor I may have conveyed."
So the Chieftain commanded that every one should
Give ear to the message, till they understood;
Then, Patrick proceeded, at once, to proclaim
The ethics of Jesus, and show them His claim
On the life of each person, and how he forgave
His murderous accusers, whom He came to save.

Each day (it soon became the rule
To make their camp a kind of school)
He taught the precepts of the Word:
That they should love and serve the Lord;

That, since all have the right to live,
(Except one's yielding to be slain
Would bring man to a higher plain,
Like soldiers who in honor fall
In answer to their country's call
To save the nation, and all that,
From some accursèd autocrat,)

They should their enemies forgive,
And never murder them, but show
Compassion, and good will bestow,—
As taught the Saviour, so taught he,
That all, from evil, should be free.

He taught that industry and toil
Would the rapacious Famine spoil;
Further, a good substantial home,
For them, was better than to roam.
So, thus enlightened, they became
Worthy of honor and acclaim;
For they began the soil to clear,
And show true progress every year.

One evening, as the sun went down,
Me-ché-can-nóch-quá, whose renown
Excelled all other chiefs, was seen
To ride upon the meadows, green.
His warriors, brave, accompanied him,
And Patrick was along with them;
When, suddenly, a lesser chief,
Whose countenance showed heavy grief,
Hastily rode to Patrick's side,
With form erect and dignified,
Pleading that he fall toward the rear;
That, lest he did, he had great fear
That he should witness, near the place,
A bloody tragedy take place.
A band of Black Feet coming yon!
Me-ché-can-nóch-quá hurried on,
Meeting them with furious rage,
To yield a bloody heritage!
Thus hurried he with might and main;
For one his worthy son had slain.

As they drew near, he spurred the steed
To hasten with its utmost speed;
While Patrick urged his horse along
To ride beside him, prayed that wrong
Would be restrained; and that his wrath
Would veer into a milder path.

When once, the traitor, he did spy,
The fire flashed in the Indian's eye,—
So heavy was the wrong he felt;
He drew a weapon from his belt.

A moment more and face to face
The Indians came; then, every trace
Of bloody vengeance was aglow;
And such did in the Chieftain show.
He drew his tomahawk and said,
"My worthy son who now is dead,
Was slain by you! and, now, think I,
By every law, you ought to die!
I trusted you, giving command
That you, by my own son, should stand
A true defence; but you, I find,
A traitor of the vilest kind!—

By every law you ought to die!
And this would be your fate, but I
Last evening, heard the white man say
The Great Spirit would put away
The sins of those, and let them live,
Alone, who enemies forgive;
So I forgive you, even I,
Though by our law, you ought to die!"
Then, leaning on his horse's neck,
His grief no longer held in check,
Curbed by devotion, not by fears,
He burst into a flood of tears,—
Thus did the Gospel do its part
In changing such a vicious heart.

That night the camp-fires brightly glowed;
Unto Me-ché-can-nóch-qua glowed;
For never did it brighter seem,
Nor showed to him more cheerful gleam;

For he had learned, in his own heart,
What joy Forgiveness would impart,—
How, truly, it will sanctify,—
And more—courageously defy
An evil power to break the charm
Of being saved from doing harm.

While other Indians slept that night,
His true heart was expressed outright;
For while his own companions slept,
The Sachem true devotion kept.
How thankful that he was not stained
By further crime! now he had gained
O'er self a masterful control,
Which had brought gladness to his soul!
A joy that had not been surpassed
By joys experienced in the past;—
No victory he yet had claimed,
Would equal that he now had gained;
For, whosoever has control
Over emotions of his soul,
From the Almighty may inherit
The mastery of his own spirit.

When morning dawned, the Sachem called
His councilmen. Some were appalled;
He oft had called them, thus, before—
Now, was it peace, or was it war?
They came with grave astonishment,
Wondering what the council meant.
Before Me-ché-can-nóch-quá they
Assembled, that he might convey,
To them, the wishes of his heart,—
That he his judgment might impart.

He said, "Ye men, this man has brought
To us a fortune we have sought—
An inward peace which all may have,
If only they correctly live.—
The joy of doing good toward those
Who only ill toward them disclose;—
A fortune which they cannot have,
Except they know how to forgive;
Now I suggest that him we pay
For teaching us this holy way.
Let's give to him a tract of land;
O'er which, we give him full command,
To make of it whatever will
Be pleasing to him—good or ill
Toward us—for he has brought
A wealth of joy which we have sought."
To this his counselors agreed:—
To give whatever he might need;
So they bequeathed for happiness,
A tract within the wilderness.

'Twas an extensive acreage,
They gave to be his heritage;
Well watered and well wooded were
The miles of land they did confer
Upon the man they sought to slay;
Who, good for evil, did convey.

Patrick accepted their bequest;
Gave thanks to God that he had rest
From opposition from the tribes
Who for his welfare now subscribe.

For miles extended his estate
Along the Wabash; truly great

It was—not only in extent—
But for the promises it lent.
Its heavy timbers there revealed
The wealth the virgin soil concealed;
And offered, freely, to disclose
Its laden vaults of wealth to those
Who came with energy to spare;
On them bestow a fortune rare.

A large, substantial building stood;
A dwelling house, it was, in good
Condition, though of decades standing;
And, in appearance, slight commanding.
A rectory the house had been;
Abandoned by French, when Englishmen
National ownership had gained
Over the country; yet retained
It was by Indians, who still
Roamed through the forest at their will.
This dwelling house of early fame
Became a part of Patrick's claim.

The soil there round about was cleared;
A goodly space for tillage cleared;
With fruit trees planted here and there;
As peach and apple, and the pear,
To add unto the owner's cheer,
Furnished variety each year.
This large estate Patrick received
With joy; truly, he had achieved
A victory worth while, at last,
(Although o'er him was sorrow cast,)
For he had done a great man's part
To break the law of a savage heart.

Here Patrick proudly did reside,
His home became a source of pride,
And often friendly Indians came
To visit Patrick on his claim.
One day, Me-ché-can-nóch-quá came
To visit him; and the same
Had special message to declare
Unto the white man, for whose care
He exercised gracious concern,
That Fortune might bestow, in turn,
On him the contents of its urn.
Like Nicodæmus, known of old,
Who could not meet the Savior, bold;
But, under cover of the night,
Commending Him who knew but right.
At such an hour the Indian came
To visit Patrick on his claim,
That, while alone, he might impart
The very secret of his heart.

The Indian held a garland made
Of willow withes, which was inlaid
And interwoven with wild flowers,
Gathered, from the woodland bowers,
By his own daughter, whom he sought
To give to Patrick, but his thought
Most suddenly was turned aside,
When negatively he replied.
With kindly look and friendly hand
The Indian signaled him to stand
Until in token he would show
What further wealth he would bestow;
So Patrick felt that he was graced
When o'er his head the wreath was placed.

Then, timidly, the Indian said :
"Oh friend of mine, will you not wed?—
Thy bower will be most incomplete,
Except you have a squaw to greet
You. At the close of every day,
When homeward you may plod your way,
A squaw to greet you with a smile
Will make your life seem worth the while.
Now, since my daughter you refuse,
Let me, for you, a white squaw choose.
One of my tribes has such a one;
Her beauty is excelled by none.
Great wisdom she has always shown;
The like of which has not been known
Among the women any where,—
Her type of innocence is rare.
In spotless purity she's kept;
In holy virtue is she kept;
For she, a prophetess, has been
To augur for the Indian.
She merits now a quiet life,
As you also a graceful wife."

Again he, calmly, shook his head
Saying, "I never more shall wed.
I wedded once a lovely maid,
Whose character was overlaid
With golden virtues. Evermore
She was a treasure to my store;
And followed o'er a toilsome way
Amid the hardships and dismay;
Until o'ertaken by some fate,
Dreadful, no doubt!—I cannot state.
Though twenty years since we have met,
That faithful wife I can't forget;

Nor can I her own love betray
And plan another wedding day."

That night, when Patrick sought repose,
Before his mind a Vision rose;
An angel clad with garments white
Came with the stillness of the night,
And knowledge gave that he should make
Arrangements for a bride to take;
As did the angel long ago
Unto the saintly Joseph show
That he should not refuse the maid
On whom the hand of God was laid.
So, Patrick gave most careful thought
Unto the message it had brought,
Seeking to turn its word away;
But, lest he should the Right betray,
And fearing, if he turned aside,
The Lord should not be glorified,
He gained consent of his own mind,
Saying, "It is the will of God, I find."

Ere long the Sachem came again;
So Patrick did to him explain
How the Great Spirit did ordain
That he should take another wife
To help him through remaining life;
To be his graceful heritage
Through life's remaining pilgrimage,—
If his life should be crowned with age.
So, Patrick stated, if the bride
Be pleasing to him, and beside,
If it should please her to become
The mistress of his woodland home,
They would be married; and, the day
Would welcome be—come when it may.

So, promising unequalled grace,
The Indian left the dwelling place;
Declaring soon a wedding lamp
Would burn within the Indian camp;—
Giving assurance that he would
Call Patrick to his neighborhood,
(Unless some power his will delayed)
When all arrangements had been made.
Therefore, with heart cheerfully bent
On doing good, onward he went
With gratitude that he might turn
A favor, now, of great concern,
Unto the man who taught that life
Consisted not of bloody strife;
And, even more, he would confess
That life was not vindictiveness.

The tribes were summoned from afar;
And Wattawassa, Morning Star,
The Indian princess who became
Patrick's deliverer when he came
At first among them, in the wild,
Searching for his stolen child,
Was one among them, but she knew
Not what the tribes were wont to do.

Seemingly from everywhere
The Indians came. Their talents rare
They sought to show; each did his part
Exhibiting some Indian art.
'Twas late in season—when the maize
Had ripened in the autumn days—
When many famous Indians came
With joyful mood and loud acclaim,
To wed the pair whose hearts were known
To have more virtue than their own.

The wedding dances were displayed,
Each in his gayest garb arrayed;
And feasted they with jollity,
Awaiting for the wedding day.
Erelong a chieftain's retinue
Descended in a large canoe;
The Wabash, as in days of yore,
The Sachem's shallop swiftly bore;
Until they reached the Indian Post
Where Shappecannah was the host.
Among them was the woman fair,
Whose beauty and whose virtues rare,
Had won distinction everywhere;
For she their future could declare.
Each Indian said she merited
That which should be inherited;
For oft she saved them from defeat,
When she their enemies would meet,—
'Twixt hostile tribes would intercede
To save each from some horrid deed.

The woman clad in Indian style
Because she was with them the while
For many years, showed innocence
Upon her radiant countenance.
Of medium stature was her size,
Appearance showed her to be wise.

The tribes great honor to her showed;
Great wealth on her was now bestowed—
Some treasured gifts which long ago,
Their fathers brought from Mexico,
From vaults where ancient Aztecs reigned,
Their fathers had this fortune gained.
Now in great honor for reward,
(And all the tribes were in accord)

They gave this fortune which should be
To her a wedding dowry.

The ceremony was to be
Next morn, beneath a spreading tree;
The kingly groom, whose heart was right,
Would there arrive during the night;
And there beneath its branches wide,
He would receive his graceful bride,—
When Shappecannah would declare,
Unto the man and woman, fair,
The sacred rites to bind the life,
Making of them husband and wife.

As the majestic sun arose
Above the hill-tops, to disclose
His morning beauty, Patrick stood
In Shappecannah's neighborhood,
Beneath the branches of the tree,
Whereat the wedding was to be.
The Indians, early, gathered there,
To see the man and woman fair,
Whose virtuous lives should be made one,
At the rising of the sun,
By sacred, Indian orison.

Soon the reveille sounded; and
Mechecannochqua led the band
Of attendants, and the bride,
Who by Mechecannochqua's side
Was walking solemnly and slow,
Veiled by a heavy domino,
That she could not distinctly see
The man who would her husband be;
For thus it was their tribal way
To veil the bride on wedding day

Until the sacred rites were said,—
Until the couple should be wed.
Mechecannochqua led the bride
Until she stood near Patrick's side;
Then, Shappecannah said aloud:
(Speaking distinctly so the crowd
Of Indians could plainly hear)
"These moments, fleeting, have great cheer;
For we before each other stand
To join this couple heart and hand.
Toward Indians they have been true,
No evil have they sought to do,
They merit now this holy rite
Which we confer with great delight."

Addressing then the couple, said:
"Ye worthy pair, I now you wed.
Be happy all along your way,
Be hopeful, trustful, every day.
May the Presiding Spirit guide
You; and may you in Him confide
With full assurance that He care
Will exercise to answer prayer.
If asked according to His will,
He each petition will fulfill.
May Heaven grace you with its dew,
And pour its treasures out for you;
And may the earth in glad return
Give you the contents of its urn.
May Heaven bless you both with health,
That you may each enjoy your wealth.
May this wild forest evermore
Unlock each day its treasure-door,
That every need shall be supplied,
And the Great Giver glorified.

Henceforth, according to our law,
Ye twain be one, a brave and squaw."

Then Shappecannah took a stand
More closely, and with careful hand,
Lifted the veil with artful grace
Which had concealed the woman's face.
A moment only, then a stare
Of wonderment, they each did share;
Each looked with wonder and surprise
Into the other's anxious eyes.
Their speech a moment was delayed;
To speak—each seemed to be afraid;
An utterance each failed to find,
Lest some delusion filled the mind,
Until his scrutinizing eye
Was sure it did Corinna spy;
And then he shouted: "Joy! oh joy!

"Oh, how can I express my joy!
At last I've found my precious wife,
A joy and pride of my own life!
Stolen you were. I thought you dead,
But we were by God's Spirit led;
And once again have been united,
And oh, my soul is so delighted!"
His arms he placed around her form;
Embraced her with affection, warm;
And kissed her, calling her his pride,
And saying, "God hath glorified
Himself again; for He has given
The one who made our home a heaven."

Corinna leaned upon his breast
And wept for joy that God had blest

Them so abundantly again ;
The joyful tears now fell as rain.
She said, "You? husband, can it be?
I verily thought the same of thee—
I truly thought that you were dead,
But otherwise, God planned, instead.
So many years we've been apart!
You are an idol of my heart!
I prayed for years, both night and day,
Again to find you, but dismay
Had filled my heart until I gave
Up all my hopes. I thought the grave
Had long enfolded you. I knew,
So well, your heart was very true,
But felt that misery and gloom
Had brought you to some unknown tomb.
Thanks be to God that He has given
To me, once more, a joy of heaven!
You are to me, my husband, brave,
As one that's risen from the grave!
O husband, to me true and kind,
Did you our Alethea find?—
If we could now our darling see,
We ever more could happy be;
But God has willed that it be so,
That we a greater test might know;
And, finding us both true and tried,
He would, Himself, be glorified."

The Indians looked with great surprise;
They were not strangers, as surmised;
Yet, they could not imagine where
Had met the man and woman fair;
Then, Patrick told the whole affair,
Since they were reunited there.

When it was known unto the crowd,
They cheered and cheered, and cheered aloud.

Oh, the emotion of that hour!
It was beyond expression's power!
For all were glad, when it was plain,
How these companions met again.
So grateful, the united pair!
They kneeled and offered up a prayer;
They praised and supplicated Him
Whose will had reunited them.

Their gladness shone in other ways,
Corinna sang a hymn of praise;
With overflowing heart she sung
A song she knew when she was young,
With Alethea on her knee;
The Indians listened joyfully;
And Patrick, with sonorous tone,
Joined in,—to him the song was known.

When her sweet voice resounded there,
And vocal music filled the air,
A lovely princess, sobbing loud,
Came walking slowly from the crowd.
She fell upon Corinna's neck,
(None her emotion sought to check)
And planted kisses on her cheek,
But could not lift her voice to speak.
At last, when she had gained control,
Over emotion of her soul,
She said: "My mother now I find!
My precious mother, true and kind!
So many years, I've longed to hear
A voice melodious and clear,

Which let its soothing echoes roll
Enrapturing my infant soul!

"Your faces, dear, I had forgot;
Our names received a heavy blot;
For Time had blurred my memory's face,
Till there was not a single trace
I could recall—I hardly knew
That I was stolen away from you.
From whence I came, I could not say;
'Twas all erased from memory;
But since I hear your charming voice,
It makes my very heart rejoice;
For Time—though claiming all control—
This intuition of my soul,
Could not efface; for, to my mind,
'Tis clear that I my parents find."

She turned unto her father; and,
Eagerly she grasped his hand;
Saying, "My father! you are mine!
And I, most certainly, am thine!
I saved you some few years ago;
But certainly I did not know
That it was you; I had forgot
Misfortunes of my infant lot.
I did not know my blood was white;
My infancy was dark as night;
But, since I hear my mother sing,
It all seems clear as anything
Can be. I am your stolen child
That you have sought throughout the wild."

The princess, lovely as could be,
Numbered her summers twenty-three.

Apparently an Indian maid ;
For her own countenance displayed
Each mark which Mother Nature's child
Would gather from the virgin wild.
Her prattle, known when she was young,
Had been displaced by Indian tongue.

Amazingly the parents looked ;
And with emotion nearly choked ;
 (Owing to their own surprise
That they, aft many years had met ;
Because the Lord was faithful yet ;
And now that one, who seemed to be
An Indian from infancy,
Although her countenance was mild,
Should claim to be their only child)
 They gazed into each other's eyes.
How could it Alethea be?—
To them, it was a mystery.

With conflicting emotion, they
Were puzzled as to what to say ;
And, for an instant, pondered well
The news the maiden sought to tell.
Although they looked with wonderment,
Her story, they would not resent ;
For her own intuition might
Sustain itself—that she was right.

A Sachem, with demeanor proud,
Standing amidst the curious crowd,
Walked quickly to the maiden's side ;
And, to her story, he supplied
Whatever portion she could not ;
For all by her had been forgot.

He to the happy couple said :
"The very day that you were wed,
You've found your child who, years ago,
Was stolen from you,—this, I know,
The story which she tells to you,
I know most certainly is true.
The Spirit has to her revealed
The fact which I, from her, concealed.

"When scarcely more than infant fair,
I bought her from a Delaware;
A chief who brought her from afar,
Saying, her name was Morning Star.
We've taught her all our Indian lore.
The fund of knowledge held in store,
Which she has gathered since a child,
While roaming through the forest wild,
Has been an oracle to men,—
A guidance for the Indian.
She chants to us the songs of birds;
And tells the meaning, in our words;
And in her vocal echoes roll
The melodies from Nature's soul.
But now, I give her back to thee;
From my own hand, she may be free
To come and go, just as she will;
And thine own mandate may fulfill."

The mother now her child embraced;
And thankful Alethea placed
Her ruddy arms about her mother;
And weeping, said, "There is no other,
Though God has given me much grace,
My mother, who could take your place."

Embracing her, her father said :
"Is this my Alethea, dear?
I sought for you for many a year;
And feared, my daughter, you were dead!
I prayed devoutly to survive
To see my child, once more, alive!
So, God is gracious to us yet;
Mysteriously we have met.
My wife and child, I do declare,
Shall each, with me, my fortune share!
Remaining years of my own life,
I'll spend with my own darling wife;
And with our Alethea dear,
Whose babyhood brought so much cheer!"

He took them forth unto his bower;
Where ever afterward each hour
Brought constantly increasing joy,—
True happiness without alloy.
Their early enemies became
Their truest friends. Their claim
Was often visited by them;
And when the couple's eyes grew dim
With age, the Indians would bring
Them presents—game, and everything
To make them happy,—evermore,
They brought to them treasures galore.

They loved the Indians as well;
And frequently were heard to tell
How ardently their hearts admired
The Primitives. They oft attired
Themselves as such that they might show
The honor which they would bestow.

Their daughter kept her Indian name;
And later still truly became,
To Shappecannah's son, a wife—
She so much loved the Indian life.
Soon graceful children were their dower;
And often in the twilight hour,
Patrick would toss them on his knee,
Chanting some Indian lullaby;
Or tell to them in happy phrase
The story of his former days.





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